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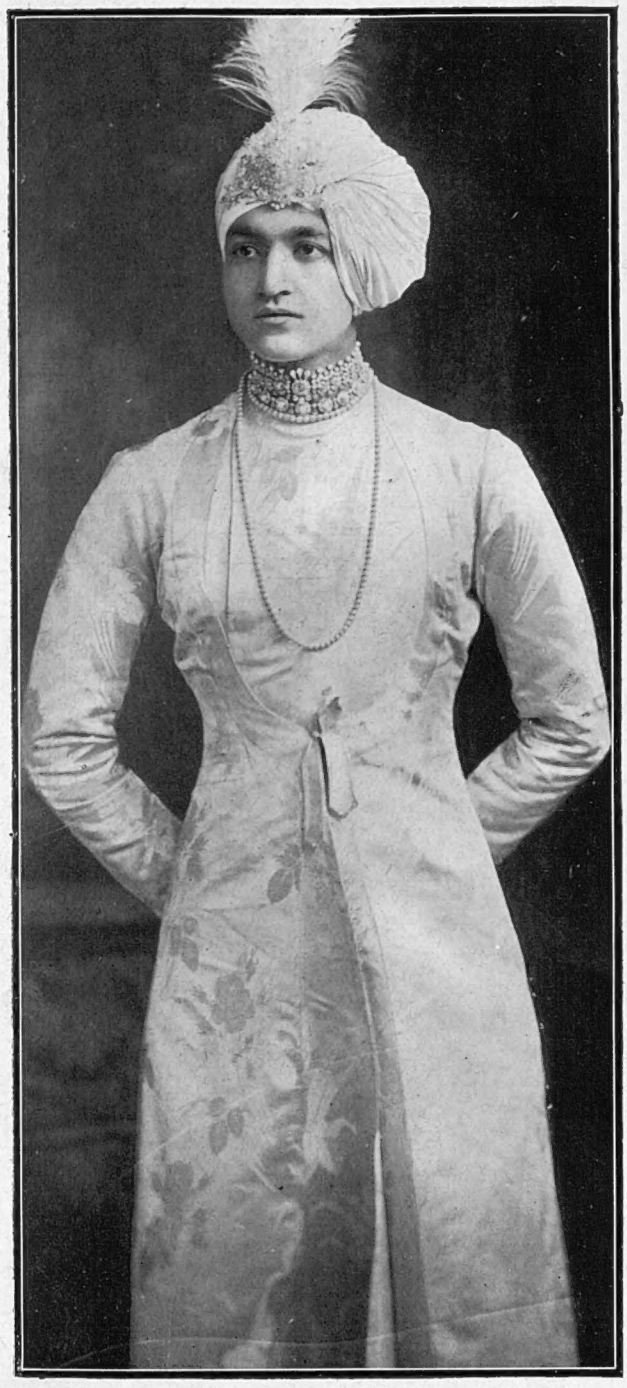
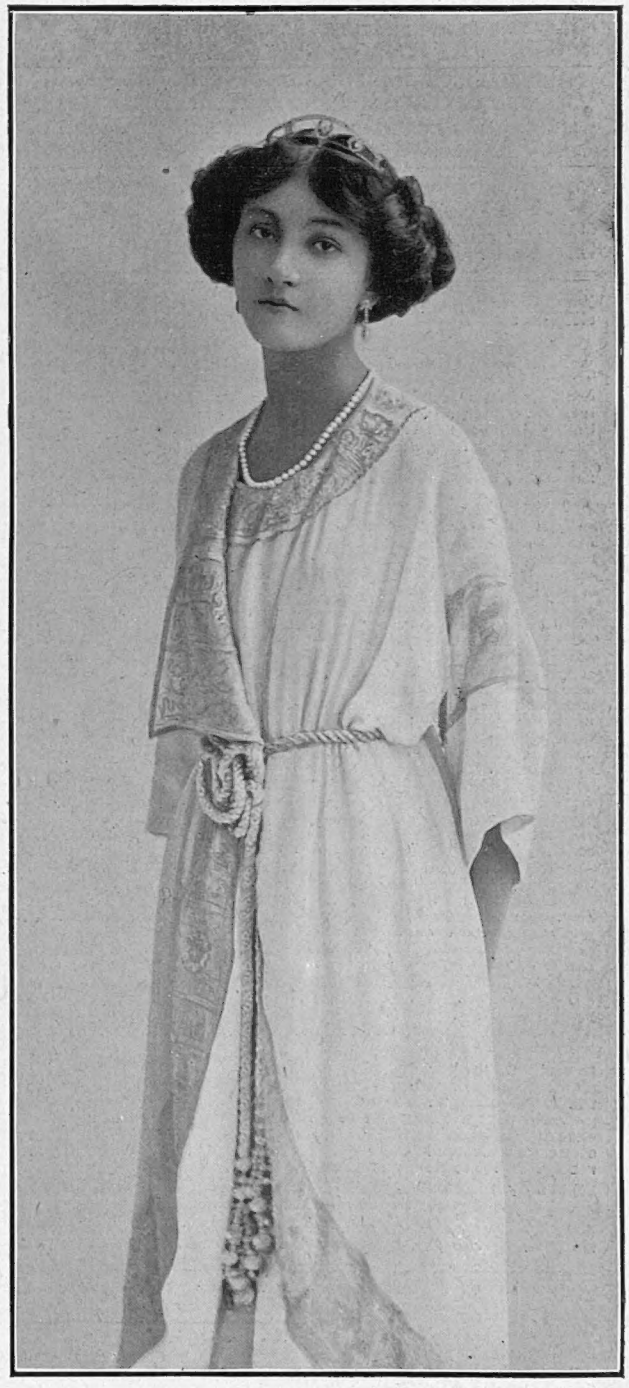
Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 408.—Vol. XXXI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 27, 1911 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.



*Photograph* *Lafayette*



*Photograph* *Rita Martin*

## THE NEW MAHARAJAH OF COOCH BEHAR AND HIS SISTER

The late Maharajah had four sons and three daughters. The eldest boy, known prior to his accession as Prince Raj Rajendra Narayan, was educated at Eton, and has recently shared the work of administration with his father. The portrait on the right is of the Princess Sudhira of Cooch Behar

## ENTERTAINMENTS.

**EMPIRE.** "SYLVIA" Ballet, LYDIA KYASHT, etc. THE GREAT AERIAL SMITHS, MARIE DAINTON & Co., NELLA WEBB, etc. EVENINGS at 8. Manager, ARTHUR ALDIN.

**DALY'S THEATRE,** Every Evening, at 8.15. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' New Musical Production, "THE COUNT OF LUXEMBOURG." English libretto by BASIL HOOD. Music by FRANZ LEHAR. MATINÉE, SATURDAY, at 2.15.

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Could they be sent AT ONCE please to the Hon. Secretary, Women's Old Clo', 55, Bryanston Street, W.


## *PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED*

SECRET SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA. By D. Blackburn and Captain W. Caddell. (Cassell: 10s. 6d. net.)
NOOKS AND CORNERS OF CORNWALL. By C. A. D. Scott. (Eveleigh Nash: 2s. 6d. net.)
BERMADU. By Mrs. R. M. Connolly. (Greening: 3s. 6d.)
A BAVARIAN VILLAGE PLAYER. By F. E. Burmester. (Greening: 6s.)
MARGARET HARDING. By P. Gibbon. (Methuen: 6s.)
ANTHEA'S GUEST. By Mrs. A. Sidgwick. (Methuen: 6s.)
THE LADY OF THE HUNDRED DRESSES. By S. R. Crockett. (Eveleigh Nash: 2s. net.)
LORD STRANLEIGH, PHILANTHROPIST. By R. Barr. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
SHELLEY AND HIS FRIENDS IN ITALY. By Helen Rossetti Angeli. (Methuen: 10s. 6d. net.)
NO MAN'S LAND. By L. J. Vance. (Grant Richards: 6s.)
THE SOUL OF MARGARET RAND. By L. T. Meade. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)
THE KINGDOMS OF THE WORLD. By Lloyd Osbourne. (Methuen: 6s.)
THE ROAD TO AVALON. By C. W. Dawson. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
'LIZBETH OF THE DALF. By Marian Keith. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)
FOX FARM. By Warwick Deeping. (Cassell: 6s.)
THE DEMPSEY DIAMONDS. By Allen Arnot. (Lane: 6s.)
THERE WAS A WIDOW. By Mary E. Mann. (Methuen: 6s.)
HOME LIFE IN HOLLAND. By D. S. Meldrum. (Methuen: 10s. 6d. net.)
THE GALLANT GRAHAM. By May Wynne. (Greening: 6s.)
THE BETTER MAN. By C. T. Brady. (Greening: 6s.)
THE LONELY QUEEN. By H. C. Bailey. (Methuen: 6s.)
A SERVANT OF THE STATE. By Elisabeth Cosby. (Cassell: 6s.)
ALL AWAY. By Maude Annesley. (Mills and Boon: 6s.)
PARTRIDGES AND PARTRIDGE MANORS. By Aymer Maxwell. (A. and C. Black: 7s. 6d. net.)
THE HOUSE OF CHANCE. By Gertie de S. Wentworth James. (Everett: 6s.)
RUFFLES. By L. T. Meade. (Stanley Paul: 6s.)
HODSON'S VOYAGE. By W. H. Koebel. (Stanley Paul: 6s.)
THE IMPERISHABLE WING. By M s. H. Ellis. (Stanley Paul: 6s.)
THE MARRIAGE OF LENORE. By Alice M. Diehl. (Stanley Paul: 6s.)
I TOO HAVE KNOWN. By Amy J. Baker. (Long: 6s.)

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom, ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

# Bystander Comments

WHAT, NO RECIPROCITY?

### Exit, Sir Wilfrid

I DO not know anybody in England who is seriously sorry that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is at last at the end of his tether. The loyalty to the British Empire of this gentleman has not, as it were, struck "all of a heap" those who have met him in the flesh. His face is one of those which looks as though it was intended to be handsome, but which, somehow, isn't, and his speeches, delivered in a not too pleasant Franco-American accent, rarely seem those of a real lover of the English or the English people. To say, however, that his Reciprocity is a "scurvy trick to hand over Canada to the United States" is merely stupid. Laurier is nothing if not a Canadian, and firmly believes it the destiny of his country to be top-dog in the Western Continent. He wants Reciprocity not that Canada may merge into the States, but that the States may merge into Canada. That is quite a different thing. It is not British Imperialism, but it is something quite respectable, and if we do not like the man, he is at least entitled, in the hour of his defeat, to a cordial handshake.

CANADA'S CONSERVATIVE PREMIER

The Hon. Robert Laird Borden, Conservative Leader, who will, it is announced, take the place of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, on the victory of his party in the great Reciprocity Election

***

### Now, Mr. Austen!

THE result of the Canadian elections looks like the special intervention of Providence on behalf of the Imperial idea. For, now that Canada really has definitely said that she wants no fiscal "truck" with Uncle Sam, it argues that she *does* want some with John Bull. The British nation simply will not tolerate any refusal to meet Canada out of pure pedantic adherence to views that Cobden would disown were he alive, and if only the idea is sufficiently clearly put forward, even poor Mr. A. Chamberlain has some sort of chance of leading *our* Conservative party back to power, provided he receives the support of Conservative statesmen who are patriotic in other than the purely Colonial direction, and of others who have some sort of conception how to conciliate the democracy at home.

***

### Until the Next Time

MOROCCAN optimism, as I anticipated, proved to be unfounded. Things Franco-German get worse, not better, as time passes. To-day they again talk of "agreement in sight." I will believe in that agreement when it is signed and sealed, and I will guarantee its durability until the next time it suits Germany to break it. That will be when France has her next trouble with the Labourites, or when Russia has her next revolution, or when England is in the throes of her next Constitutional squabble. The times are not at present propitious for the German eagle, whose wings have been badly clipped by the French diplomatic scissors. But the time will come, nevertheless, and probably soon. It is as much as the German Government's life is worth to face the next elections without some retrieval of her prestige, and England needs to keep a very wide eye open lest it be at our expense.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

Whose long term as Prime Minister comes to an end with the defeat of his pet scheme to "annex the United States to Canada." The States, alas, retain their independence, and Sir Wilfrid retires

***

### A Continent of Spasms

OTHERWISE Europe continues to suffer from nervous spasms, sometimes in the head, sometimes in the back, or the arms, or the legs—spasms of a kind with which the old lady is unfamiliar. The outbreak of strikes, first in England, then in France, then in Spain, then in Austria, with the assassination of the Russian Premier thrown in, make the Governments wonder whether the real problems are not at home rather than abroad. The idea that to pick a sudden quarrel with a neighbour, or to seize a port in Morocco, suddenly arouses the patriotic zeal of the people has received a rude shock. Instead of this, the people, egged on by the Socialists, seize foreign trouble as their opportunity. Ministers, in future, will be forced to look on Chauvinist enterprises as having the reverse of the desired effect, and so Europe's spasms may be good. The old lady may be forced to take a much-needed rest-cure.

***

### The Portuguese Minister

PROFOUND peace reigns, as I write, in Portugal, and the Portuguese Minister in this country, Senhor Texeira Gomez, is able to spare a little of his time (and his scanty English) to tell an amusing story concerning himself. Soon after his appointment he was at a reception at the old Palace, Richmond. His host of the occasion was presenting to him some ladies. One of these, hearing

the gentleman was the Portuguese Minister, looked at him admiringly for a moment, and then said:

"Oh, it is a real pleasure to meet you. I've heard so *much* about you, M. de Soveral!"

"Texeira Gomez," replied the Minister, smiling.

"Oh, it's no use talking to me in Portuguese, M. de Soveral," said the lady.

"Texeira Gomez," again said the Minister. But the lady again shook her head, and the Minister gave it up.

***

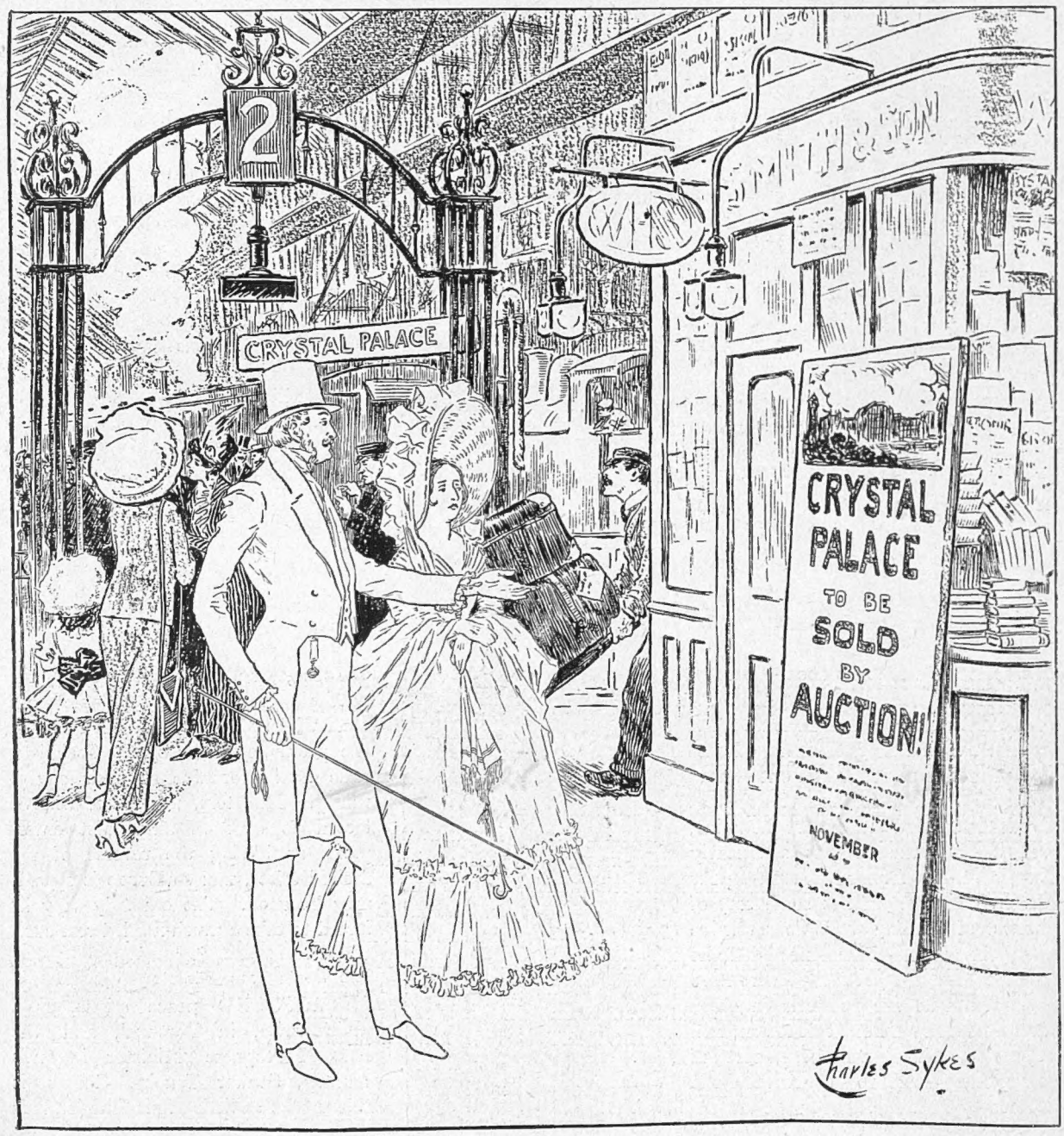
**Cool—and the Reasons Why**

THE news of the annexation of Tripoli is being received with the most commendable sangfroid here. It is, of course, just as flagrant an act of "brigandage" as was Austria's annexation of Bosnia, but Italy, it is borne in mind, is a friend of ours, which makes all the difference. Is it not written: "Bear thou patiently with thy friend, though he steal the horse of thy brother; but spare not thou the blood of thine enemy, even if he only look over the gate"?

***

**"The North Wind Doth Blow"**

SATURDAY'S Orange demonstration showed us that there is going to be trouble when Home Rule tries to fit its Ulster on. Without that garment, the poor creature is likely to catch a mortal chill. There was a time when I was disposed to regard Belfast's opposition to Home Rule as mainly religious, but a visit to the great city put me quite right on the point. Belfast's outlook, I realised, is Imperial, not national, and any attempt to detach her from the greater island and to squeeze her into the smaller would simply mean an explosion.




"Good Gracious, Victoria! Do you see that, or is it an optical illusion?"
"I see it, Albert. But it is probably one of their jokes, though not in the best of taste"

FROM "THE REVISITS OF VICTORIA"—SHORTLY ABOUT TO BE WRITTEN

# "THE BYSTANDER"
# PARLIAMENTARY COMPETITION
## RESULT

Below will be found the announcement of the winner of this Competition

## STRAKER-SQUIRE MOTOR-CAR THE PRIZE

**Value £395, with all accessories, Ready for the Road (see photograph below)**

THE task set the competitor was to estimate the number of speeches likely to be made by the Member for his own constituency and the number of votes likely to be cast in divisions during the Session of 1911, up to the adjournment in August. No competitor was correct in both cases, though many were correct in one only — the matter of speeches.

The competitor who, among those correct in the matter of speeches, was most nearly correct in divisions, and who, on the whole, is judged to have shown the greatest amount of skill is

**M. TAYLOR,**
**Mountgarvie, Alford, N.B.,**

whose coupon I reproduce herewith. The winner, as shown, forecasted the figures as

**Speeches 23, Divisions 113.**

The correct figures for his constituency (as calculated by THE BYSTANDER and confirmed by the Member, Mr. J. M. Henderson, M.P., himself) are

**Speeches 23, Divisions 122***

CUT THIS OUT AND ADDRESS TO THE EDITOR, "THE BYSTANDER," TALLIS STREET, LONDON, E.C

**"BYSTANDER" PARLIAMENTARY FORECAST, SESSION 1911**

*Below I state what, from my knowledge of the Member of Parliament for my Division, I expect will be the part played by him in Speech and Vote during the Parliamentary Session now in progress. I agree to accept as final the decision of the Editor of THE BYSTANDER as to the result of the Competition.*

| NAME OF CONSTITUENCY | MEMBER'S NAME | PARTY | FORECAST OF NO. OF SPEECHES (INCLUDING QUESTIONS) | NO. OF DIVISIONS IN WHICH HE IS EXPECTED TO VOTE |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Aberdeenshire (West) | J. M. Henderson | Liberal | 23 | 113. |

Name of Competitor Mr. Taylor.

Address Mountgarvie Alford N.B. April 14/11

~~ELECTOR~~ or RESIDENT. (Strike your par through either of these.)

THE WINNING ENTRY FORM

**For "Runners-Up" and Others**

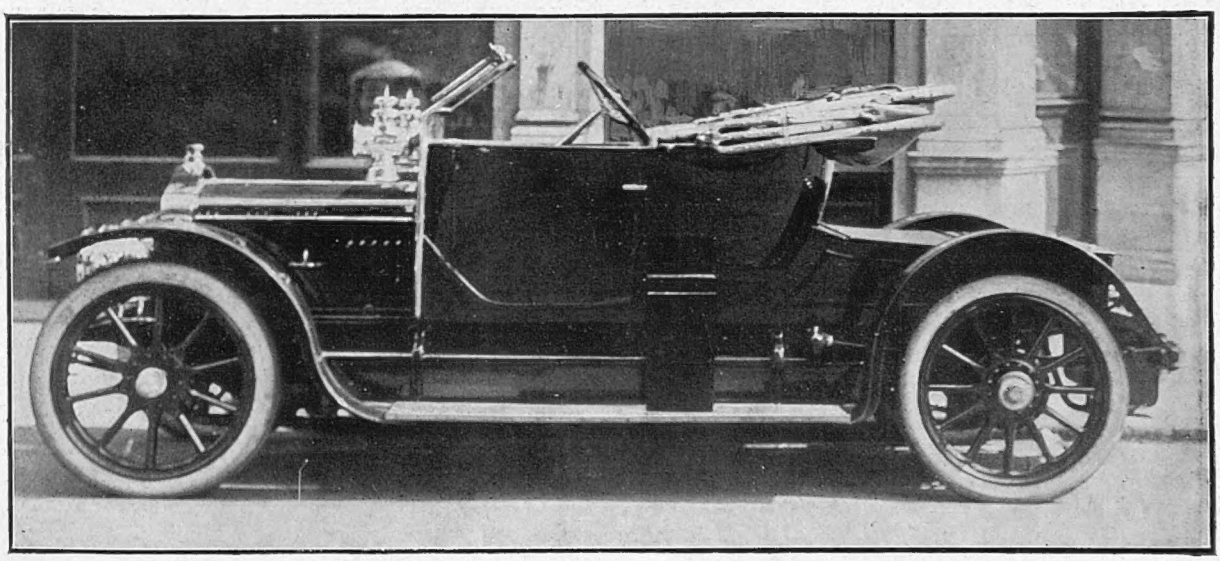
In our next issue we shall publish a list of names of competitors who were also correct in their estimates of the number of speeches made by their Members, but who, as regards divisions, were not as skilful as the prizewinner.

While several competitors attained accuracy in the matter of speeches, no one competitor did in the matter of divisions, though many were approximately correct in both cases. The names of these and other interesting particulars connected with the competition will be given in our next issue.

The car, photograph herewith, now awaits the winner at the showrooms of the Straker-Squire Company, 75, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W., and the Editor is in communication with him as to arrangements for formal presentation.

*Counted by THE BYSTANDER, and confirmed by the figures of the National Liberal Federation and the Liberal Central Association.

## "THE BYSTANDER" PRIZE CAR



NOW AWAITING THE WINNER AT 75, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W., WHERE SUCCESSFUL TRIALS HAVE BEEN MADE. THE CAR IS PAINTED AND IN EVERY RESPECT READY FOR THE ROAD

**Royal Plans**

The Queen's German visit, at first fixed for the end of August, is now expected to take place during the second week in October. While Her Majesty is abroad the King will probably go to Sandringham, where he will entertain a man's party for the annual partridge drives in the Royal preserves.

**Autumn Fashions**

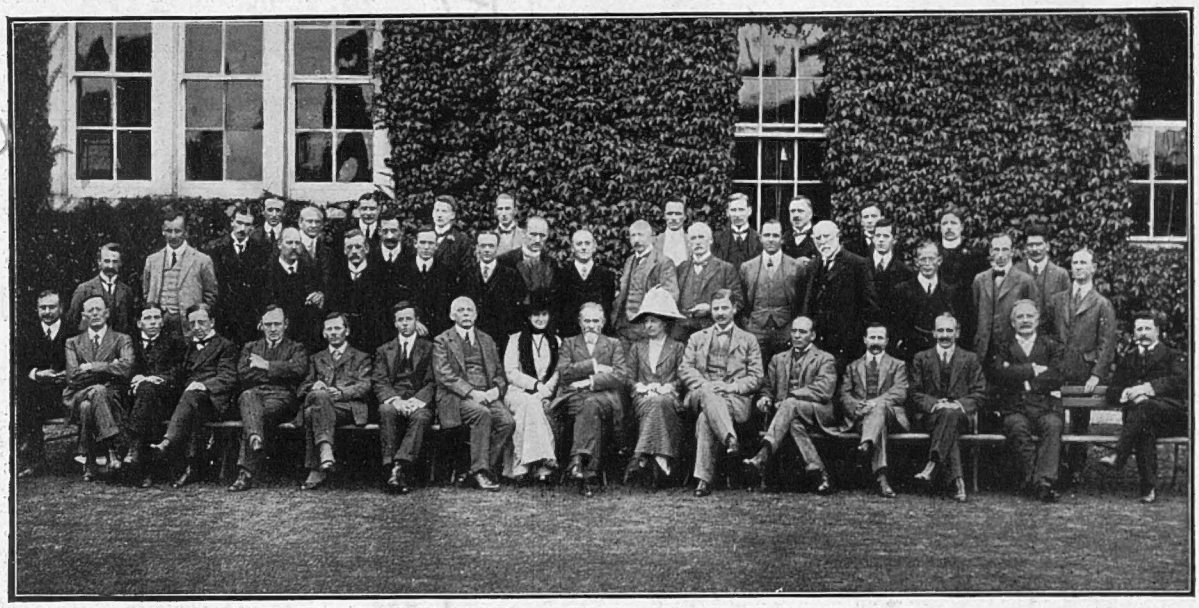
Are in the air, and the most masculine of bystanders must recently have caught at least a rustling of the wings of the angel, say, Paquin, while soon there will be no festivity yet invented worth the shelving of an "appointment with my dressmaker." In these great matters I stand confessed "a child," as Mr. Balfour would say. I am told, however, that Sense, yes, Sense and Suitability are the keynotes of the autumn fashions. There are to be pockets, real pockets that will hold things; and not only pockets, but buttons, real buttons that will button things; while the skirts, tight and straight (and eminently becoming), though they are to remain, may also be dubbed sensible, their length being strictly hygienic, and women having long since learnt to get along therein as fast (if not faster) than in the voluminosities of yesteryear.

**A Comic-Opera Collision**

American millionaires have before now arranged for their private amusement railway collisions in which two real (passengerless) trains were smashed to pieces; but the ramming of the *Olympic* last week, with a cargo of famous millionaires aboard, must have been a new sensation if you like. The only regret for some of them, I hear, was that this exciting event was not purchased by the power of their own almighty dollars. Possibly, indeed, when they get home, they will discover—or their journals will discover for them!—that they did! And the New York papers will come out with headlines stating that some of their most valued citizens have distinguished themselves by arranging for a record freak entertainment at sea.

**Heroic Millionaires**

This explanation, so grateful and flattering to American smartness, will gain weight from the fact that no other has yet been produced, except that some sort of "suction" or irresistible attraction from the *Olympic* drew the British cruiser out of her course. Which, of course, translates itself into the same thing. Anyway, it is *extremely* gratifying to read of the heroism of those on board. "No panic or disorder," we learn, was shown by the plutocratic passengers; and the only ugly rush was when the Press interviewers came aboard! Those who got there first gave their accounts of the mishap with quite astounding calm and self-possession, and with a wealth of that personal detail so invaluable in throwing vivid light on a calamity of this kind. "I was washing my hands at the time it happened," so Mr. Astor began his half-column of news. Could Cæsar's "*Commentaries*" themselves better this for graphic simplicity of diction?



*Photograph*] THE EIGHTY CLUB'S ANXIOUS INQUIRIES IN IRELAND [*Lafayette*

**The tour of the Eighty Club in Ireland has been marked by everything lengthy, from dinners and drives to platitudes and political speeches. On the day this picture was taken, Mr. T. W. Russell told the members assembled at Glasnevin that he hoped the day would dawn when people would seek refuge from revolutions and Socialistic convulsions in a place where they might lead a peaceful and useful life—i.e., Ireland. Shortly afterwards, Ireland herself was in the throes of a railway strike**

**The Irish Railway Strike**

"At last!" I cried, as I opened my paper and saw "Irish Railway Strike." But, no, it was not what I had for long expected—viz., a strike of passengers on some of those extraordinary things calling themselves railways in Ireland. Have you ever travelled on the W.C.—otherwise West Clare Railway, in the wild south-west? I have, and shall I ever forget the two hours there and two and a half hours back for the eighteen-mile trip to Kilkee, which some guide-book humorist has described as the Brighton of Ireland?

**Passengers' Luggage**

On one occasion an inexperienced passenger, after a stoppage of half an hour between stations, indignantly asked the solitary official visible the reason of the delay. The latter explained that it was unavoidable. A "lady" passenger was taking a canary home. It had somehow got out of its cage, and the engine-driver and stoker were chasing it over the adjoining fields. On another Irish railway a passenger who travelled third with a first-class ticket was compelled by an inspector to pay the difference!

# And Why Not?

## IRELAND, TOO, DECIDES THAT SHE WILL HAVE A GENERAL STRIKE

THE FIRST BATTALION RIFLE BRIGADE ON DUTY AT KINGSBRIDGE STATION

SIGNALLERS AT WORK OUTSIDE KINGSBRIDGE STATION, DUBLIN

SENTRIES GUARDING A WAITING-ROOM AT THE NORTH WALL STATION, DUBLIN

At the time of writing a general strike has been declared on all the Irish railways. The military have been called in to give the hard-worked constables a rest. Practically the whole trade of the island is at a standstill, and knowing as we do the obstinacy of the Irish temperament, it would be a hard thing to say whether employers or employed will be the first to give way. The trouble arose through porters refusing to handle the goods of firms who are disputing with their employes

# For They Are

## A DEFENCE OF THE TWENTY-NINE WHO VOTED WITH THE

*Photo Knights Whittome*
LORD TEYNHAM

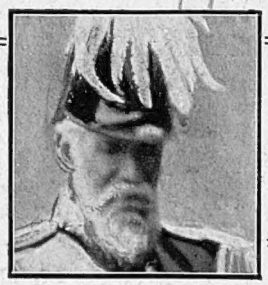


*Photo Sport & General*
LORD MONTEAGLE

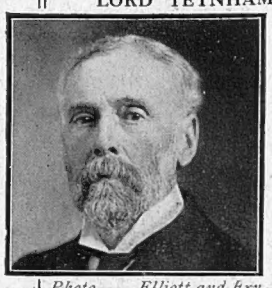


*Photo Elliott and Fry*
VISCOUNT COBHAM

*Photograph Sport & General*
EARL OF LONGFORD

*Photograph Melhuish*
EARL OF LICHFIELD

*Photograph Russell*
LORD NEWLANDS

*(Illustrated by Portraits of the Best Known Among the Peers in Question)*

THE BYSTANDER has his ideas on politics, and is not afraid to confess himself to be a democratic Conservative. But he prefers to stand aside save on occasions when his services may be needed—as a sort of special constable—in the interests of common fairness. Such an occasion seems to have arisen in connection with the base and scurrilous attacks now being made by a small, but very noisy and very vulgar, section of the Conservative Press on the Twenty-Nine Unionist Peers who voted in the Government lobby on the Veto Division. "Traitor" is the least abusive epithet applied to these noblemen, and the general tone of the comments on their conduct is so scandalous that it is necessary to place the facts before the public in language which is at least emphatic. What is it precisely that the Twenty-Nine noblemen — who are accused by Messrs. Garvin, Maxse and Co. of treason, and of a base betrayal, of vilely voting to maintain their class, etc., etc.—what is it they actually voted for? It was this :—

**"That this House do not insist on the amendment of the Marquis of Lansdowne."**

They did not vote *for* the Bill, but merely that the Lords should not take action to reject it. On what grounds was this vote given? It was given, according to the highest constitutional traditions of the House of Lords, that, when the country has clearly signified its acceptance of a Government proposal at a General Election, and when the House of Commons has carried the Bill in question, the House of Lords, while striving to secure amendments, *do not insist* on them, and thereby compel the Government to abandon it, or to use extra constitutional methods to enforce its passage.

LORD CHURSTON

This was done in the case of the first Reform Bill, when the "Traitor" who led the "treachery" was the great Duke of Wellington, and in the case of Irish Disestablishment the late Marquis of Salisbury, while in the case of the Lloyd George Budget, the whole House of Lords refrained from opposing it when once it had received the definite approval of the electors. In each of these cases the attitude of the responsible peers was the same. We do not like the Bill, but the country has pronounced in favour of it. As trustees of the people's will—which we are and must remain—we must put aside our own views and acquiesce. And so it has been with the peers who voted "Aye" on the fatal division on the Veto Bill.

*Photograph Russell*
LORD RITCHIE OF DUNDEE

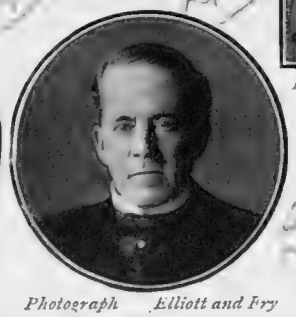
*Photograph Russell*
LORD MONSON

*Photograph Lafayette*
VISCOUNT HAMPDEN

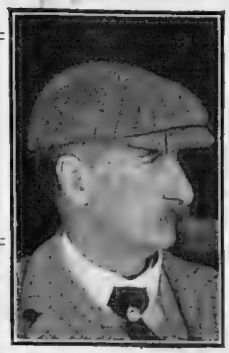
# Jolly Good Fellows!!

## SO-CALLED TRAITOR PEERS GOVERNMENT ON THE VETO BILL

*Photograph Topical*
THE MARQUESS OF AILSA



*Photograph Elliott and Fry*
EARL CADOGAN



*Photograph Willoughby*
EARL OF WINCHILSEA

*Photographs*
LORD HENEAGE

*Russell*
EARL FORTESCUE

*Photograph Whitlock, B'ham*
LORD KNARESBOROUGH

*Photograph Warneuke*
LORD BLYTHSWOOD

Was the Duke of Wellington in 1832, was Lord Salisbury in 1869, were the entire Peerage of 1910 Traitors? If they were, then the Twenty-Nine can bow and gracefully accept the appellation. If they were not, then those who apply the epithet are, to borrow their own choice phraseology, vile slanderers.

What the Twenty-Nine have done is *not to insist* on defeating a Bill carried after a mandate at a General Election, and in so doing they acted as patriots and statesmen. Incidentally, and quite as a secondary consideration, by voting as they did, the Twenty-Nine saved the Peerage from corruption by the intrusion of puppets, whose presence would have converted a legislative virgin into a legislative prostitute—would, in short, have turned the Peerage on to the streets.

Are these the men who should, week in and week out, be held up to shame and odium? One paper, if you please, announces that it will devote two of its precious pages every week for twenty-nine weeks—from now until Easter or thereabouts!—to "dealing with" the Traitors personally, one by one. For nearly seven months the readers of this sheet are to be regaled with derision of the Twenty-Nine wrapped up in the form of Biography.

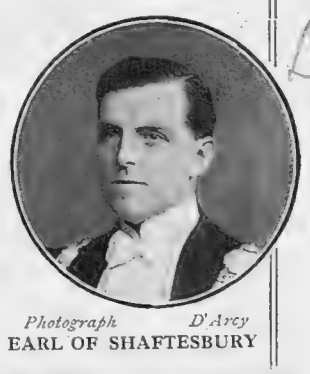
But this crude and clumsy method of controversy will only react on its inceptors. As, week by week, the readers of this journal read the careers and characters of the men—and fear of libel will compel the writer to be truthful—they will realise the grotesque inapplicability of the epithets applied, and will take the insult as one not offered only to the Twenty-Nine, but to themselves also.

And if these latter happen, by any chance, to be Conservatives, they will pray for the day of the deliverance of their party from the hands of men whose vulgarity of language, lack of the sense either of proportion or of humour, unfit them to air their views in the presence of people of sense and proper feeling.

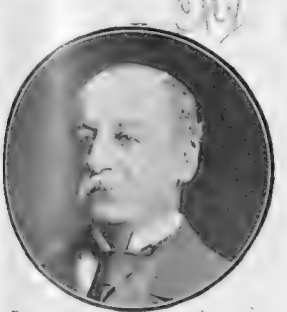
*Photograph Elliott and Fry*
LORD GORELL OF BRAMPTON

*Photograph Russell*
LORD ANNALY

*Photograph Elliott and Fry*
EARL OF HARROWBY



*Photograph D'Arcy*
EARL OF SHAFTESBURY



*Photograph Lafayette*
VISCOUNT GALWAY

*Photograph Moyse*
EARL OF LYTTON

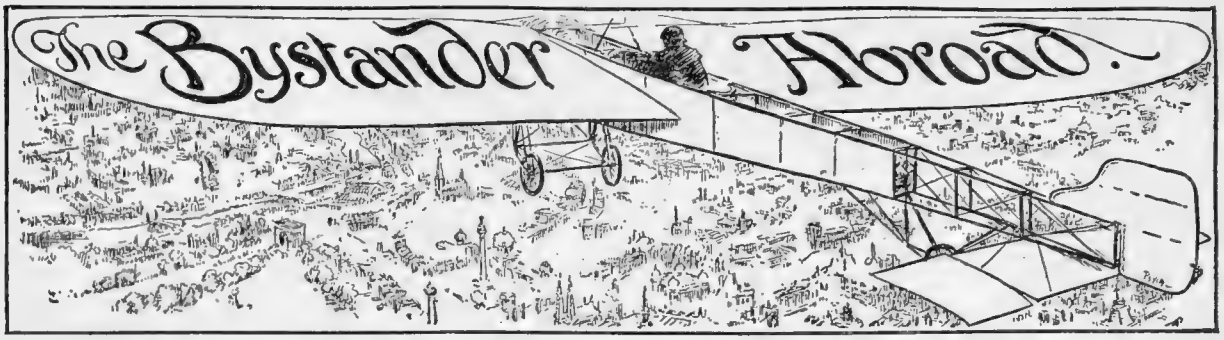
*Photograph Lafayette*
VISCOUNT DOWNE

*Photograph Topley*
EARL OF MINTO

# Our Society Portraiture

LADY DESBOROUGH: DRAWN BY W. HOWARD ROBINSON

Lady Desborough, who is co-heiress to the Barony of Butler, was a Miss Ethel Fane before her marriage. She and her famous sportsman husband are the parents of three stalwart sons and two daughters. Their home, Taplow Court, is, perhaps, the best-known house on the river




# THE TSAR'S ENTOURAGE: LESSONS FOR FRANCE AND GERMANY

**Clogging Progress in Russia**

The murder of M. Stolypin has caused a feeling almost of consternation in Paris. That a man employed in the secret service of the Tsar should have actually been a revolutionary in disguise shows that something must have been wrong in the recruitment of the service. How, people ask, was it possible for a man to rise gradually in the service to a responsible position of trust near the Tsar's own person and yet be affiliated to a secret revolutionary society? Others wonder if such a secret service does not stand condemned by such an experience. Certain it is that confidence will be shaken in the safety of the Tsar's own *entourage*, and the confidence that he was gradually acquiring will suffer a serious check. The Tsar has lived the greater part of his life in as much retirement as it was possible to practise, but he had grown to think that the grant of Parliamentary Government to his country had conciliated even the most uncompromising of his subjects, and he was beginning to show himself in public as he had never done before. The result had, moreover, been most encouraging, and now a set-back comes from a trusted official, a protector of his person. The Empress's nerves had already given way, and she is to be seen nowhere, her place being taken by her mother-in-law, who has less fear of the vengeance of Nihilists; they have, in fact, nothing to gain by assassination of a monarch who is succeeded automatically by another. Feeling in Russia is extremely excited against the revolutionary party, and even against the Radicals. If the assassination results in anything at all, it will be rather a reaction against free government than in its favour.

**Finance's Contribution to Diplomacy**

M. Vladimir Kokofftseff, one of the greatest financiers of the Russian Empire, and until recently the Minister of Finance, who has been appointed Prime Minister of Russia in place of the late M. Stolypin

**Does this Excuse Germany?**

The Morocco question, whether it is decided or not, ought to serve as a lesson not only to Germany, but to France and the other countries. Many of France's best friends admit that a huge and powerful country like Germany has a right to be consulted in all matters affecting the markets available for manufacturers. Germany came on the scene after the best places for colonisation and trade had already been occupied, and she has to play the part of trying to get something for herself of what remains. Morocco was one of the few countries still capable of absorbing German produce. When the French seemed to be creating a *fait accompli*, preparatory to asking the Powers to ratify her protectorate over the country, Germany stuck in her oar and showed the world she was not prepared to allow any appropriation without herself sharing in the spoils. From the point of view of absolute morals, those to whom I refer ask if it is fair that a country with thirty-six million inhabitants and no overflowing population, should have the right to appropriate huge territories, levy heavy Customs duties, exclude the manufacturers of other countries, and practically shut up these lands, while another country with sixty-two million inhabitants, growing at the rate of one million a year, is not allowed to have any share at all in these territories?

**Germans Hide Their Nationality**

England has backed the French, and quite rightly. It would be much more honest and frank on the part of the German Government to state their point, which is a good one, rather than to be constantly plotting and quibbling and stirring up trouble in the hope of getting something out of it. That is the lesson Germany will have derived from a crisis which has harmed her popularity more than that of any other country. When men of the intellectual capacity of M. Lavisse urge a closer understanding on the grounds that the Germans will be "bad enemies," it looks as if this attitude were the harbinger of a coming storm. Needless to say, at present it is not comfortable to be a German in Paris; possibly that is why so many of them try to hide their nationality and call themselves Poles or Czechs, or even Greeks—anything but German.

**England as Purveyor of Universal Benefits**

There is also a lesson for France to learn from the Morocco conflict, and that is that it is better to adopt once and for all the system of the open door and equality for all in any further appropriation of territory. The worst of the French system is that it practically prohibits foreign competition. English appropriation of territory is not feared in the same way, because when she takes possession of a new territory everyone benefits.

# The Bystander in Berlin

WITH, perhaps, unpatriotic zeal, the Berlin Bystander persists in indicating the superiority of German institutions. Take the respect that Germans pay their officials! The Briton not only does not respect his officials, but he has no word to describe them. Nobody says "Jones is an official," and "Jones is a civil servant" may be laudation for the cook. Other nations are happier; indeed, no Frenchman, Russian, or German mind resists the sacramental associations of *fonctionnaire*, *tchinovnik*, and *Beamter*. The *Beamter* is the best. Democracy has not, as in France, dimmed his magnificence; and excessive thieving has not, as in Russia, got him into gaol. His coat-tails are as potent as a Pasha's horsetails. He is surly, but condescending, dignified, serene, devoted to duty, impeccable, remote.

## THE WONDERFUL EXPLOITS OF HERR DOERING

The black portfolio under his shiny sleeve is the palladium of German order. It inspires men with sacred awe; no man suspects its integrity. Few months pass without the criminal courts revealing its thaumaturgic potency. Take the case of thirty-year-old Walter Doering, who was lately arrested after two hundred successful thefts and burglaries. Herr Doering burgled brilliantly the Chancellor's palace, the Finance Ministry, the French and Austrian Embassies, the Badische Mission, and other exalted edifices, and he might easily have caused a war by purloining M. Cambon's private diary about Herr Kiderlen-Waechter. After exploits so high as these he fell, being detected in the vulgar error of stealing a Potsdam bicycle.

Herr Doering is a man of wit, and his remarks to the Examining Magistrate deserve to be saved from oblivion. Reminded that he had been interned in Rixdorf Madhouse, he answered: "Yes, but unjustly; my burglaries prove that." When asked how he managed to enter Ministries and Embassies—why, in short, his career was so long undimmed—he answered: "I posed as an official." He purchased, he explained, for two marks fifty pfennigs, a black imitation-leather portfolio, filled it with copies of the Socialist *Vorwaerts*, and tucked it under his arm. A world hitherto contemning him immediately lay at his feet. Door-porters bowed down deep and showed him into Ministers' studies, where he seized on cuckoo clocks and gold-framed Kaiser's photographs; maidservants welcomed him in their masters' houses, thinking he'd come about income tax; and once when the police tapped him on the shoulder on suspicion of picking pockets, they apologised on seeing his portfolio, and said: "Don't think we were arresting you. We only wanted to warn you that pickpockets are about." And they made profound salutations, while Herr Doering answered indulgently, "Thanks, but I knew already."

Herr Doering's only weakness was drowsy indolence; and this weakness inspired him to one of his prettiest exploits. He arrived as late as seven in the morning at a Grunewald villa, forced open the window, and climbed into the dining-room. To his surprise he stumbled on a handsome young lady, sitting at breakfast with a roseate liver-sausage sandwich in her eager hand. In such conditions an embarrassed British burglar would have turned in flight, or said he had come to sell the cook a gramophone. Herr Doering was no slow-tongued Briton. With a polite but self-respecting bow, and the overwhelming announcement, "Gracious lady, I am an official," he crossed the room, left the house respectably by the hall-door, and carried off the handsome lady's christening mug with the inscription, "Be Just and Fear Not."

In England a handsome lady would have disbelieved his tale, and in Russia she would have disbelieved it until she missed her christening mug. In France the lady would have apologised for her husband's or cousin's absence and invited her visitor to make himself comfortable. In America the self-announced official would have been asked promptly for his warrant. But here the irresistible hypnotism of the official pose conquers the most sceptical minds. The lady did not report Herr Doering. How was it, then, asks the Berlin Bystander, that Herr Doering got caught over the Potsdam bicycle? "Obviously," reasons the deductive intellect, "because he forgot to bring his magic portfolio." "Not so," says the Berlin Bystander. "The bicyclist was an official himself, and he had outlived his primal delusions about official impeccability."

*Photograph*] **German Military Cooks Baking Bread for the Troopers** [*Tellgmann*

Napoleon's aphorism that an army "marches on its stomach" has been fully realised by the practical Germans, whose camp kitchens are models to the world's armies. Above are seen twelve of the new camp ovens baking bread for the German troops during the manœuvres. On the side of the first oven are marked the times at which the bread is to be ready baked

# The Kaiser as He May One Day Figure in an Historical Painting

*Photograph* *Tellgmann*

H.I.M THE GERMAN EMPEROR PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE GERMAN MANŒUVRES

The battle paintings of the future will doubtless have an atmosphere similar to the above photograph. The headquarters of the General Officer in command will be conspicuous for the motor-cars and cycles, and, probably, airships assembled. In this picture the Kaiser is seen receiving a report from one of his staff officers. The photograph was taken at the recent German manœuvres

# THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

AN American Consul has reported that English people spend all their substance on motors nowadays, and care nothing for the home and its decoration. This may be true to some extent, but residents say there are still some natty little bijou villas to be found Tooting way.

* * *

Foreigners have always been profoundly impressed by the greatness of our Mansion House repasts, and the fact that the visit to Vienna of the present Lord Mayor of London should have been followed by a food-famine in that city will serve to increase their natural awe and wonder.

* * *

Some little curiosity appears to prevail with regard to the Eighty Club, whose travels in Ireland have been creating so much interest of late. The Club, of course, takes its name from the number of its members, and not—as some people suppose—from the fact that their political convictions properly belong to the year 1880.

* * *

It will be a curious thing if Irish Unionists, on learning that many of the Eighty Club are typical Englishmen, go over to Home Rule.

* * *

The success of the aerial post from Hendon to Windsor seems to have so delighted the Postmaster-General that almost any day now we expect to hear that he has arranged with Mr. Burgess to inaugurate a marine mail delivery between Dover and Calais—wind and weather permitting.

* * *

Mr. Burgess, by the way, has announced that his great swim was "a purely vegetarian one." So sporting papers are wrong in referring to him as a "beefy" athlete. "Cabbagy" would be a more correct epithet.

* * *

As far as that goes, if vegetarian athletes continue to forge to the front, our sporting literature will have to be altogether revised, and record-breakers of the future will attribute their prowess to "The Brazil nuts of Old England."

* * *

Russia is a fascinating country. In what other part of the world, for example, could a Premier possibly go and get shot by a Christianised Jew, who was a Nihilist in the pay of the Secret Police?

WHOM DOES THIS RESEMBLE?

**PREINCARNATION?**

**Glancing at the collection of naval relics in the museum at Portsmouth Dockyard, our photographer was much struck with the resemblance of two of the figureheads of old ships to two of the figureheads of the present Ministry**

*Photographs* *Reginald Silk*

AND THIS?

* * *

Dramatic critics are always saying that the titles of plays tend to run on identical lines. As a little play called *Moonshine* has lately been produced, we may, if the critics are correct, shortly expect "Bosh," "Bunkum," "Drivel," and "Tommyrot."

* * *

The warders of our leading prisons have recently been furnished with a new type of hat, which—according to a contemporary—is considered on all hands too light to be of much use in protecting its wearers from a sudden blow. Is not this almost equivalent to inviting the Suffragettes to go to gaol for a bit?

* * *

Sugar-planters ought, at the present time, to be realising fortunes. Not only has sugar gone up enormously in price, but the recent schoolboy strikes have created a quite unprecedented demand for canes.

* * *

King Hezekiah's tunnel under Jerusalem has recently been explored by English archæologists, but they seem agreed that, so far as ventilation is concerned, the ozone system of the modern Tube is vastly superior.

* * *

"Four stags were got on Saturday," says the *Daily Mail*, in a sporting little paragraph concerned with the King's doings in the Highlands, "the majority falling to His Majesty's rifle." Would this be some two and a half stags?

* * *

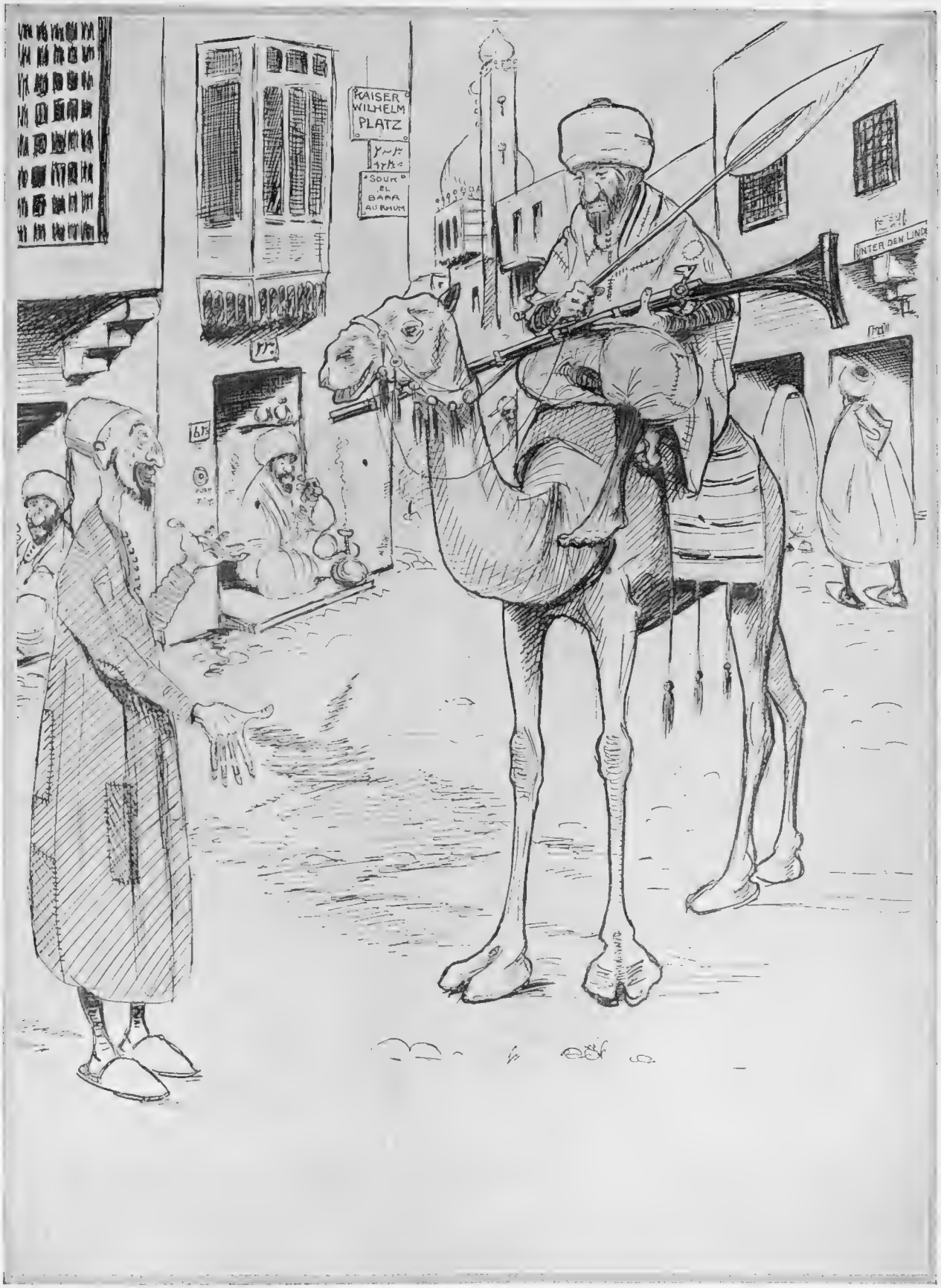
The novelty of the week—according to the same authority—consists of Guest Envelopes for the Daily Post. "For each guest is prepared a large coloured envelope or wallet made of strong paper, with a label on the outside inscribed with the name of its recipient. They are used to contain the letters of each guest. The envelopes are cheery in appearance." It must be annoying, however, to open a cheery envelope like that and find only bills inside.

* * *

Referring for a moment to the Black *v.* White contest, the betting at present is, we understand, 2 to 1 against the Rev. F. B. Meyer.

# Proper Pride

## BY OUR OWN SPECIAL ARTIST IN GERMAN MOROCCO




"Why doth Sidi bin Hussein deport himself with such unbearable conceit and consequence?"
"Why, hast not heard? He hath become a German Interest"

*BY V WHITAKER*

# Thoughts in the Train

## Pax Satanica—The Great Illusion and the Greater

WITH the arrival of the overcoat season, I resume the process of improving my mind. To explain: An overcoat pocket enables me to carry to and from Town a book, and I am, therefore, less dependent on newspapers alone for the passing of the time (my journey is forty minutes from Waterloo).

My first purchase of the season was Mr. Norman Angell's much-discussed "Great Illusion." I haven't actually finished it. What I am putting down here are my thoughts on the general idea of the book, which has, of course, been known to me for some time (thanks to the frequent Angell descents upon the *Daily Mail*). I quote Mr. Angell himself in the *D.M.* of September 15. The "Great Illusion" is, he says:—

"*That it is, in the modern world, possible by successful war to derive any profit commensurate with the cost involved.*"

Mr. Angell proves all this to his own, and to my, entire satisfaction long before I have gone far with his book. The only matter on which I am disposed to worry is whether the knowledge of the "Great Illusion" will do all some people think it will to promote eternal peace. Will nations stop going to war simply because war doesn't pay?

—•••—

The Frenchman is still the Frenchman, the German still the German, and the Briton the Briton, and I am afraid I cannot agree that, in affairs of national honour, finance is likely to act one way or the other, once the national "monkey" is up. If Finance has any part to play in international relations, it will play it at the Cabinet Council long before the act of aggression (say Agadir) is committed. Great Empires are not governed by great fools, and if Germany was going to be frightened by financiers into peace, she would have been frightened into it long before the *Panther* dropped anchor.

—•••—

But it will be a greater illusion still if we think that war will cease at the dictation of Mammon. Mammon may, for the nonce, be disposed to connive at the service of God (if preserving the present European armed peace *is* the service of God), but secretly. Directly he, under the ægis of his guardian Angell, comes forward and attempts openly to bid nations sheathe their swords because He, Mammon, wills it, I rather fear that he raises—Heaven. Peace, the Supreme Power may desire on earth, but it is incongruous that it will be received as an offering from the Evil One. For could any peace more repugnant to the pious mind be conceived than peace which is preserved by compulsory military service, and the expenditure of thousands of millions of pounds annually on the building of engines of destruction, the noise of which in conflict should awaken the saints out of all the shrines of all the nations? The Peace enforced on peoples by the ghastly dread of war, and upon rulers by the sordid fear of pecuniary loss, is not that Peace, Perfect Peace of which we sing on Sundays. From the standpoint of religion there is no curse loud enough to apply to such a Peace as that of Europe to-day. It is the Pax-Satanica.

—•••—

But to pass from the pious to the purely practical. Suppose the Great Illusionists are right, and the fear of financial ruin *does* make the soldier sheathe his sword. How does he do it? Willingly, obsequiously? Not if he is a true soldier.

The soldier turns back, and explains to the people. "Peace—at the dictation of old Moneybags," he growls. And whence comes the roar of execration which greets the remark? What is it they are shouting? It is "Kill old Moneybags."

If the German soldier is restrained from showing his strength because of the power of capital, he will have a grudge against capital, and he will find himself, for the first time, arm-in-arm with the German Socialist. Sooner or later those who are saying "Down with Capital" will find themselves at one with militarism, and the next step Europe may expect is a militarisation of the forces of Socialism, and a Socialisation of the forces of militarism.

That spells, ultimately, a new grand alliance, which will agree to rob Capital of its power to stop war, which is the same power as that with which the Socialists claim it crushes Labour. The soldier, too, will demand the right to work, which, in his case, is the right to fight. And who is to say that mankind has not the *right* to fight—if necessary?

—•••—

Acceptance of the "Great Illusion" doctrine does not stop war. It may arrest war between nation and nation, but it carries one step further the Social War. When soldiers and workmen think alike, to-morrow, they will act alike.

The feature of the politics of to-morrow is the social revolution of Central Europe, which will sweep away the existing ruling powers like leaves before the wind unless the existing powers have the foresight to be themselves (like our own Richard II.) the leaders of the rebels. One has imagined the Kaiser in many rôles. We have yet to see him wearing the red cap. But with him all things are possible.

# MOTHS

The airman's quest of fame, resembling the moth round the candle, and the enormous number of calamities which has been the result, is grimly symbolised in the above clever cartoon

BY BERT LEVY

# The Close Time for Musical Critics

## OTHERWISE, THE PROMENADE SEASON AT THE QUEEN'S HALL

**New Music's Fidelity to the Obvious**

The programmes of the Promenade Concerts have hardly been of a nature to set the Thames on fire, even during the hottest days of August. As a matter of fact, many people, I believe, have complained that they are positively dull. What selfishness! Have they not considered the case of the musical critic, how hard it is, how deserving? Condemned for eleven months in the year to wrestle with the exacting novelties of the young British school, which, as everybody knows, occupy such a prominent place in our concert programmes, is he to enjoy no respite at all? The great amorphous public which does not read his notices may complain, but the Directors of the Queen's Hall have a higher conception of what is due to criticism. Their broad sympathy solves the problem in a trice. There must be concerts, so concerts there shall be, but never a one so constituted as to demand the exercise of any critical faculty whatsoever. The young British school — indeed, every British school for the matter of that—is resolutely taught its proper place, the young French school is definitely excommunicated, and all new music takes that vow of an eternal fidelity to the obvious, which recalls one of Max Beerbohm's most happy caricatures.

**The Critic's Holiday**

Consequently, the musical critic can enjoy his necessary holiday to the full, undisturbed by the prickings of conscience. With perfect equanimity he can entrust his duties to a substitute, the office boy, or even his colleague of the theatre, if that worthy likes to go and hear some music for a change. Nothing disturbs him on his bed of ease, flowery, sandy, or rocky, as the case may be. In a word, it is the close season for critics, when no one, not even the infuriated husband of an outraged prima donna, may pursue him either for profit or for pleasure. Nevertheless, there are occasionally programmes at the Queen's Hall which demand intelligent appreciativeness if not profound discrimination, and I was fortunate enough, on a hasty flight through London, to light on just such a one. MacDowell's Pianoforte Concerto in A minor may not be a great work, but it is distinctly pleasant to listen to. Indeed, the slow movement, with its quiet, reflective melancholy, pleased me very much; it sounded most sincere.

**A Lack of Contrasts**

Then there was "Tod und Verklärung" and Handel's fine Aria, "Revenge! Timotheus Cries," which Mr. Heyner sang very well, with none of the vices of the ordinary baritone, who is so keen to make the snakes hiss properly and the furies arise with adequate effect, that he entirely forgets the elementary rules of voice production. Further, it was agreeable to hear M. Georges Enesco's Roumanian Rhapsody, an attractive piece of work, often technically brilliant and most ingenious, which suffers, however, from a lack of contrasts. Consciously or not, the composer seems to find a difficulty in getting away from his original key of A major a very good key, doubtless, but wearisome after a little—and in avoiding a similarity of rhythmical effects.

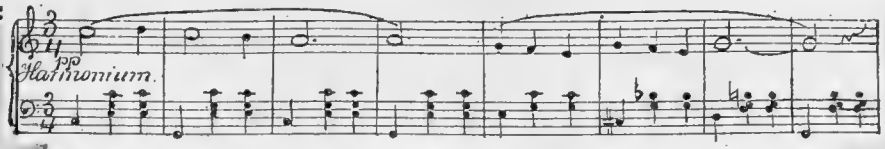
*Photograph* *Henri Manuel*

**"I'm Going to Play Just What Pleases Me!"**

Mlle. Gaby Deslys, over a cup of coffee, before starting for the United States, declared to an interviewer that she had not bothered about preparing a special programme. "I'm going to play just what pleases me, and if it doesn't please them, it won't displease me"

**The Genius of Mozart**

Certainly to me the most enjoyable twenty minutes of the evening were spent in listening to Mozart's wonderful Symphony in E flat. Always, after a course of any music, new or old, I come back to Mozart with renewed pleasure. His genius is so human, so sympathetic that he seems less of a master than a friend. But I did not like Sir Henry Wood's reading of the Symphony. It reminded me of nothing so much as a man alternately picking flies out of honey and spreading the honey too thickly on his bread. What a pity the late Gustav Mahler never visited England to show us how Mozart should be played! For my part, I have never, not even under Richter, heard a really first-rate interpretation of his music in this country. Could not Dr. Strauss come and make himself really useful for once? There is quite a good opening for an energetic, middle-aged man who would like to popularise Mozart over here. FRANCIS TOYE

# Mr. Hawtrey as Musical Composer!

(*The waltz tune supposed, on the stage, to have been composed by him*)

*Photograph* *Foulsham and Banfield*

MR. CHARLES HAWTREY AS JOHN HARCOURT IN "THE GREAT NAME"

Mr. Hawtrey, in his new play at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, plays the part of a composer of popular waltzes and musical comedies, and one of the great jokes of the piece is Harcourt's inability to escape from hearing the music of his most successful waltz. The wretched tune follows him everywhere. We have hummed it over once to ourselves, and Mr. Hawtrey has our deepest sympathy

# London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW.

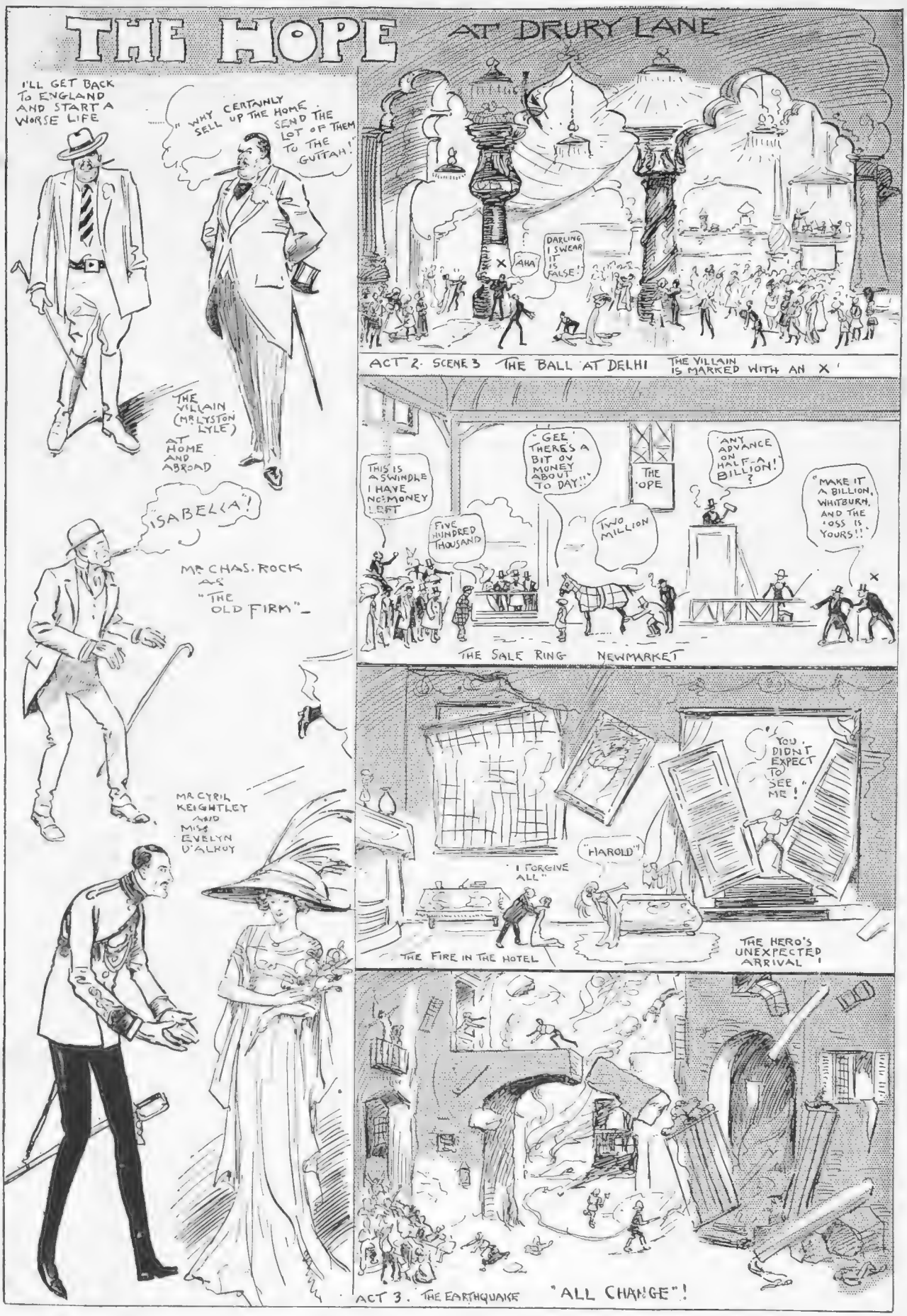
## "THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND" AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

THIS is one of the plays of the year (by Mr. Alfred Sutro). We have the interesting case of a lady who has decided, with more or less enthusiasm, to shake herself free of the shackles that bind her to Man in order that she may begin to live her own life and find her own soul. In theory, of course, the principle is an admirable one; but the road to the stars is proverbially thorny and rough, and it is not given to every woman to possess the dogged spirit of the martyr. Certainly Mrs. Pelling, the heroine of the play, does not possess it; and when she finds, to use commonplace terms, what she has let herself in for, she decides that the Cause is not worth the sacrifice. Mr. Pelling is a plain, unvarnished tea-merchant in Mincing Lane, where the sterner facts of life have a way of choking more romantic forms of vegetation; and during his absence in Russia on the business of his house, ardent Feminists approach his wife to point out to her that she has no right to throw away her heritage of glory by dutifully accepting the guidance of a mere man who happens to be her husband. One of her teachers is Mrs. Dulcie Elstead, who, with a fine but quite incomprehensible valour, has given up husband and children for the sake of the Cause, though just how the Cause has benefited thereby it is not for a mere Vandal like myself to conjecture.

The other teacher is Clarence Woodhouse, who has not given up much for anybody or anything. He is a well-fed philosopher with a convincing eloquence, whose business in life is to accept invitations to other people's houses, and to borrow a five-pound-note at the conclusion of his visit. If there is any self-denial in his programme it is only in such cases where he finds that, although he might have ten pounds for the asking, he restricts himself resolutely to the loan of five. After all, as the poet has said, there is honour even among thieves. Woodhouse is one of those comfortable philosophers who have no hesitation in propounding the most revolutionary doctrines, but who shudders at the idea of seeing them put into practice.

The complication really began when Mrs. Margell (a most delightful performance by Miss Maude Millett), who is Pelling's sister, took Mrs. Pelling to see Ibsen's *Doll's House*. Mrs. Margell is a plain, old-fashioned woman, quite satisfied with things as they are; and she had no idea that she was taking her sister-in-law to see so revolutionary a drama. As she explains pathetically, she naturally concluded from the title of the piece that it was a play like *Peter Pan*. Finding that she cannot convince Dulcie Elstead that her presence in the house is not really essential to the general happiness, Mrs. Margell counsels her brother to adopt a bold form of strategy. He must affect to have become a sudden convert to this new movement for the very high education of women, and to be consumed by a zeal for making proselytes. There is the lady who was his typist in the City, for instance. Very likely the poor girl has never heard about the true independence of her sex; and he is just the man

Sketches by Norman Morrow at Wyndham's Theatre




"The Hope" at Drury Lane is a hope fulfilled. All that the patrons of Druriodrama love and expect is here in all its glory. Mr. Arthur Collins has provided a spectacular production worthy of his genius, and the authors contribute a number of situations and a quantity of dialogue worthy of theirs

*BY NORMAN MORROW*

to teach her. What? Of course, his wife will at once recognise the *reductio ad absurdum*, and will dismiss her friends on the understanding that he will dismiss his.

Unhappily, it does not happen like that all at once. Mrs. Pelling remains firm; while Mr. Pelling is brought to realise the danger of playing with fire. The story develops with a quiet vein of humour which is really exquisite, and Mr. Gerald du Maurier has just the light touch that is necessary for such a delicate and charming piece of work. *The Perplexed Husband* is a play that no one can afford to miss.

## "THE OGRE"

### AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

This is, to some extent, based upon the same idea as that which forms the thesis of the play above dealt with. That is to say, it is the story of a revolting wife brought to reason by her strong-minded husband before the final fall of the curtain. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has, however, treated his subject in the old-fashioned way, assuming that the husband is necessarily the stronger half of the combination, and, therefore, bound to win in the end by the superior force of masculinity. Mr. Jones's play tells of a warring between two perfectly matter-of-fact people. Nicholas Fawsitt is a City man who is relinquishing business because he is losing more than he is making—and I think most people will agree that that is a very good time at which to abandon commercial enterprise. His wife is just the ordinary type of inconsiderate woman, who objects to any proceeding that restricts her opportunities for selfish extravagance. When her husband decides to go and live in the country in order to reduce the family expenditure, she puts every conceivable obstacle in his way, and it is only by quite phenomenal and almost brutal firmness that he succeeds in taming her unfortunate spirit of revolt. The type of lady may be accurately drawn, but it has the disadvantage of being always unsympathetic, though it is fair to Mr. Jones to say that he has gilded the pill plentifully with genial humour of the kind known, I believe, as mid-Victorian. Since the cocksure days of our fathers, however, we have travelled a long way, and I would not like to say positively that Mr. Jones has succeeded in keeping up with the procession.

Sir George Alexander rattles agreeably through the part of the domineering husband in the fascinating manner which he has reduced to a fine art; and Miss Kate Cutler manages to convey most successfully to the mind of the audience the type the author had in view. One of the stupendous and characteristically Jonesian (if the word may be permitted) jokes of the piece occurs in the country house to which the wife objects as a permanent residence. Mr. Nicholas Fawsitt proposes to hang over the chimney-corner a copy of Landseer's well-known picture, "The Monarch of the Glen"—a stag standing at bay on the top of a rock—itself a type of art that most of us are trying to forget. Mrs. Fawsitt objects to the picture because, she protests, it is an insult to her sex—but I shall not inquire into the metaphysical reasons for so strange an objection. She, therefore, smashes the picture to pieces before our eyes. Mr. Nicholas Fawsitt, however, is not to be deterred from his purpose by such tactics. He retorts by hanging an old pair of hunting breeches in the place intended for the picture, as a sign and covenant that he is the member of the family who—well, who wears them! Forgive me, but it was a favourite jest of our grandfathers. With such a determined wife as Mrs. Fawsitt I personally should have lived in fear of a disastrous manifestation of *—lex talionis!* The cream of the jest, however, is that Mr. Fawsitt, in spite of this brave show of what he calls "nailing his colours to the mast," has clearly been an abject failure as the head of his household. His second wife is a mere —woman: his son is a "waster"; and his two daughters give every sign of deplorably imperfect breeding. In fact, the man is quite a pretty type of the paterfamilias who has failed in the greater aims of the scheme of life, and yet insists on his right still to steer the ship. Nevertheless, with all his flounderings, Mr. Jones provides an amusing entertainment, and I think *The Ogre* is worth a visit.

Sketches by Norman Morrow at the St. James's Theatre

JINGLE

# Old Drury's New Heroine

*Photograph* *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS EVELYN D'ALROY, WHO PLAYS BRENDA CARLYON IN "THE HOPE"

Love and villainy, heroism and matrimony compose the autumn melodrama at Old Drury. Poverty in marble halls debars the hero and the heroine from marrying, and many adventures on land and sea (including seismic convulsions) prevent their happy union till the last act. Yet, thanks to the hero winning the Derby, and the heroine winning the first prize in the Calcutta Sweepstake, everybody is made happy, villainy is frustrated, and the audience is sent home in a good temper

# "Love One Another": An Allegorical

"CHRIST ON THE MOUNTA

We make no apology for reproducing this picture (which appeared in "The Bystander" of April 12, 1911). For ma
reminder of the fact that the Powers in qu

# Picture of Strong Current Significance

AIN": By E. DEBAT-PONSAN

many weeks past the chances of war between great European Powers have hovered up and down. Our picture is a
uestion profess to be CHRISTIAN Powers

# THE CALL OF THE WILD

## FASCINATION OF THE FRENCH CONGO FOR EXPLORER AND PLANTER

THERE are few tracts of the globe nowadays offering such opportunities to the hunter and planter as the Congo. Elephants and rhino, buck and lion, abound in most parts within easy reach of the principal trade routes. And for the planter with a small capital to invest there are rubber and coffee plantations to acquire, while rice and tobacco are both easily grown, and yield a good profit.

The natives are a happy, inoffensive set of people, wishing nothing better than to till the soil and to hunt big game with primitive bows and arrows. Unfortunately, contact with the white man, endowing them with the

A Native Tribe which had not previously come into contact with Europeans

Distributing Food on a Plantation to Native Workmen

French Planters with their Native Wives

blessings of civilisation, has done little good.

They have learnt to drink, and swear, and cheat. They have become dirty and drunken. There are still, however, in the interior many tribes which have not yet come into contact with more civilised beings. And being split into numerous tribal communities they can offer little resistance to the advance of "civilisation" when it does come. But they are born traders, and take readily to commerce. Although their bodies are almost as black as the Ethiopian, they have little of the ugliness of the average negro. Their noses are not so flat, neither are their lips so thick. Clothing for the most part consists of a loin cloth, and in high officials of umbrellas and ancient silk hats.

Novel exploring parties of men and women have left England during the past few months with the intention of combining a sporting and pleasure trip on the Congo. Practically its whole length of three thousand miles is navigable by small yachts and steamers.

*Photographs* *Joseph Filmi*

Tusks of a Mighty Elephant Shot on the Banks of the Congo

*BYSTANDER SHORT STORY*

# PATIENCE

By J. H. Macnair

THE girl at the table moved a seven of spades from one heap to another, and then paused indecisively. She was kneeling on a high-backed chair, in a hunched-up attitude, expressing intensity of concentration; her elbows far over the red tablecloth, her hands supporting her chin. Before her the cards lay face upwards in twelve heaps, a rectangle like the frame of a window, and in the space enclosed eight separate heaps were rising slowly to crowning king or ace.

It was growing dark, and the fire, dying of neglect, protested feebly from time to time with the muffled fall of a cinder on to the white ashes below; that, nevertheless, failed to call attention to its needs and the increasing coldness of the little room. A clock on the mantelpiece, stopped hours earlier, pointed unmeaningly to a dead and gone time.

Outside raindrops began to patter fitfully on the pane, proclaiming by their unnatural loudness the unnatural stillness within. A gas-lamp leapt into inadequate light across the street. And the player bent nearer, straining her eyes over her game, tense, careful, perplexed. The Patience was not coming out.

The silence was too strained to last, and yet when the interruption came, it came displeasingly with a crude and intrusive ordinariness. Clumping footsteps and a clatter of dishes heralded an untidy maidservant and a tray. And with her entered a shrill wailing that swept along the passage like an unhappy little wind lost in a ruin at night. The girl at the table shuddered at one sound or the other, and lifted vague, troubled eyes.

"You can have the table in five minutes," she said in fretful appeal to the one intruder, and her wrinkled brow acknowledged her consciousness of another claim. She gathered the outer cards together in some strange ritual of order and dealt them out once more around the eight uncompleted heaps, her fingers responding to inner uneasiness, with feverish haste. The incandescent burner popped explosively into garish light above her, showing an older face than her slim figure and uncomfortable schoolgirl attitude suggested: a beautiful face in repose, with disorderly bands of dark hair over a white forehead; a disquieting face in the anxiety expressed on it now; a face holding a curious aloofness from life around.

The maid pulled the curtains, leaving an unsightly gap in the centre that her untrained eyes failed to notice, and noisily fed the dying fire with lumps of coal it was too far gone to digest. And still the child's crying continued, not loud but persistent, permeating the whole house. The player half rose from her seat, holding her breath as she tried to drive her thoughts faster, to think against time, against the ungainly waiting figure of the maid, against the infinitely discomfiting child's complaint. She built and unbuilt the outer rectangle, seeking to unearth some hidden link in the ascending chain, till a sudden sound interrupted her nervous and impatient movement.

In the passage a door was opened and shut, a crisp, virile note, like a figure stepped all at once into the foreground of a picture dominating the confused details of the back.

The servant fled, clumsily brushing against the lintels of the door; the girl stopped, quiveringly arrested for a second, with a shadow of something like anguish on her brow. Then, with a desperate gesture, sweeping the carefully arranged packs into one disorganised bundle, she turned them into a drawer at the side and stood up with hanging hands and half-awakened, anxious eyes to face her husband as he entered the room.

He stood a moment, a question on his face. He was tall, scrupulously neat even to fastidiousness in his somewhat worn clothes, and his face had that keen, sharp outline we associate with lawyers. His grey eyes took in at once the gap in the curtains, the black, comfortless fireplace, the startled gaze of his wife and her crumpled morning blouse. Then suddenly his glance fell on the knave of diamonds, which had slipped unnoticed from the pack and lay on his back under the table simpering foolishly; and he stiffened all over like an Indian dog that smells jackal. The girl's look followed his, and she burst suddenly into a flood of speech, futile explanations and excuses that sounded hollow to the speaker herself, for she abandoned one after another hurriedly.

"It was only one game. I was tired. Baby has been so fretful. It soothes my nerves. I was just going to change my dress."

Her voice died away before the odd silence of the other, that was brooded over by a kind of finality;

(All rights strictly reserved

a silence that implied infinite and rather weary knowledge of all she could say and more.

"What about the child?" he said abruptly, and turned to the door again.

And in a silence that still visibly protested, she followed with him the persistent sound of crying down the passage.

Later in the evening the atmosphere changed. Some spell seemed loosened, and a human warmth crept in. The fire, restored to health and cheerfulness, glowed on the dull purple of the dress she had changed into and made lights and shadows on the smooth hair above her wandering eyes. The clock had returned to its duty as guardian of the hours. The child's fretful voice was stilled for the time, and the raindrops, still pattering, sounded musical and resigned. The man sat gravely watching his wife over the top of his book as she stitched some small garment in the low chair opposite. And, looking up, she met his gaze, and held it with her own the space of twenty seconds, perhaps.

All at once her strained silence broke. Impetuously she rose and cast away her work, opened the drawer where the cards lay hidden, and tossed them into the heart of the fire. Then, as they curled and wriggled with gestures of surprise at the ardent embrace, she burst into hysterical tears, and, catching hold of the mantelpiece, rocked to and fro in the storm. Slowly and by degrees only she let herself be caressed into calmness by her husband, sobbing gave way to quieter tears, and tears in turn to fitful smiles and gentle talk. And all the while the knave of diamonds forgotten looked up from under the table with no concern for his comrades' fate and no alarm for his own safety.

He followed them, however, next morning. For the man, entering the room, first saw the card laid conspicuously on the sideboard, and tore it viciously across before he tossed it into the fire. For a second, as if in approval of his deed, a faint sun appeared in an uncertain sky, but died out in despair of rivalling the clear confidence on the hearth. And then he sat down contentedly to breakfast, unnoticing that his wife scarcely ate or that her eyes were strangely bright. Within the house he left all was peace and order save that the child's whimpering had recommenced. It was more than a voice now. A miserable little creature, unworthy his fine parents, he lay in a basket cradle by the fire, lamenting restlessly some comfort he could not find. The young mother rocked him with her foot; then, finding that useless, bent somewhat impatiently to soothe him. But he still tossed and protested feebly. She laid down her work, and gave all her attention to quieting him, but in vain. And finally she rose and stood over the cradle, lithe and strong and slim, pushing it gently with her foot and looking with knitted brow at the red-flowered wallpaper, as if trying to disregard the continuous cry. Baffled at length by its persistence, she ceased even to rock, and walked over to the window with hesitating steps as though pulling against an invisible chain. For a few minutes she remained there, her back to the pitiful little complainer, who wanted no one knew what, least of all himself. Then she came slowly back, and stood over him again, holding her breath, balancing, pretending to argue the matter out in her brain.

Suddenly, with a vast sigh of relief, her purpose seemed clear. She crossed swiftly to a cupboard in the wall, opened the door, and drew a parcel from below a heap of work. The shadows of doubt had fled from her face; every other expression was crowded out by consuming eagerness. She drew a high-backed chair to the table, her back to the fire, and the cradle before it. She tore open the paper with trembling hands, revealing two new packs of cards with lacework patterns of green and red on their backs. And kneeling on the chair she dealt them almost hungrily, with rapid, practised fingers, in the twelve heaps of the rectangular frame, picking out aces and kings that occurred in certain mysteriously favoured places. Finally, leaning over the red cloth, her chin propped on her hands, her whole soul was intent on winning this battle with Fate.

The clock and the child and the fire broke the silence, but she had ceased to hear them. The clock went on resolutely with its duty of piling up the finished stones of the day; the fire murmured and chuckled with self-approbation; the baby whimpered and tossed unheeded with odd little gasps in between its sobbing. And every now and then the player moved a card, kneeling, pondering the Patience that foiled her.

The first time the hour struck she started, mended the fire, and perfunctorily moved the cradle.

"I shall stop if this one comes out," she said aloud and resolutely, as if addressing unseen Presences—her own thoughts, perhaps, grown into separate beings. And when defeated she gathered up the cards, and dealt them out again, and said:

"Once more and I shall stop, whether it comes out or not!"

But the hands of the clock went round once and again, and still she gathered up the cards desperately, and shuffled them and laid them out once more. The fire began to grumble for want of coal. The baby's crying was more and more broken by gasps and odd gurgling noises. And through a thick wall of thought the sounds forced themselves on the reluctant hearer, who tried in vain to shake them off from her consciousness.

It was a gamble with Fate, for no stake save success; a gamble with Fate, in which Fate usually won. And yet not only against Fate. A mistake certainly ruined your chances. Whenever it came near victory, some interruption from the outer world was sure to call her away, hurry her, distract her thoughts. She shut her ears with agonised determination to the disturbing influences, dealing feverishly, yet stopping critically to examine each step. This turn should be properly played out.

In almost any Patience, provided you go on long enough—it may be for days on end—you are sure to cheat Fate once. Once at least luck and skill will combine on your side. And this was the time. The heaps of the confining rectangle dwindled, and the eight heaps within grew in order and measure. At last each was crowned with its ace or king, a gay figure of red or black. The Patience had come out.

And then, as she turned, elated with success, desire quenched for the moment, the baby's crying and gasping culminated in a choking paroxysm dreadful to hear and to see. She rang frantically for the maid, she rushed for the hot water that was sure not to be there when it was needed. When the untidy servant ran, hatless in apron and cap, with shoes coming off at the heel, for the nearest doctor, the baby's face was

(Continued on page 656

# The Taming of the Shrew of 1911

PETRUCHIO AND KATHARINA IN MODERN CLOTHES AT ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

*Photographs*

MISS KATE CUTLER AS DORINDA FAWSITT IN "THE OGRE"

*Ellis and Watery*

SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER AS NICHOLAS FAWSITT IN "THE OGRE"

Mr. H. A. Jones's latest comedy is a variant of "The Taming of the Shrew." How Nicholas Fawsitt, a staid City man of fifty, becomes master in his own house, in face of the opposition of his bewitchingly irritating wife (Miss Cutler) and rebellious children, is told in the best Jones manner. "Jingle's" opinion of the play will be found on page 648

(Continued from page 654)

deepening from hideous purple to black, his eyes showing white below the lids, his tiny form stiffening in his convulsive struggles for breath.

When the doctor came at last he found the distracted mother swooning by the basket-cradle, where her child lay dead. He saw the stiff, disfigured little body. He saw the white, beautiful, desperate face of the mother. But he did not see the cards. They were back in their old hiding-place, flung headlong into the dark recesses of the cupboard in disgrace.

Two days later the little mourning procession went from the house. It was in Scotland, and there it is not considered fitting that women should attend funerals. Quite little boys are taken. But only one sex dreams at night of the sound of earth falling on hollow wood.

The bereaved mother was left at home then, alone, by her own request. Her dress was cheap mourning, hastily procured, dull black that seemed to rob her hair of its brown tinge and make it dull black in sympathy with the sombre gown. Sleeplessness and tears had accentuated the funereal note by drawing black rings round her wide eyes, that looked out from the sable circles like ghosts in a strange house.

She stood motionless at the window long after the little procession had gone off, when there was nothing more to see in the deserted street. Then she came back to the fire and poked it listlessly. It made a prodigious noise in the empty house. She stood listening with a dawning fear in her face as the stillness smothered the echoes. Her glance, restless, looked from window to fire, from chair to wall, for some rescue for her thoughts, and found none. Then suddenly a purpose seemed to grow up within her. Hurriedly she turned the key in the door, hurriedly she drew the cards from their hiding-place, and, kneeling on the high-backed chair, she dealt out on the red tablecloth the frame-like form of the rectangular Patience.

J. H. MACNAIR


## Our Most Popular Supplement

Of the many Supplements annually presented by THE BYSTANDER probably the most popular is that which deals with the Hunting Season. Even non-hunting people enjoy its picturesque illustrations and breezy story of the delights of riding to hounds. This year the Supplement will occupy an additional twenty pages of the paper, and will be presented with the issue of October 11. For the outer cover of THE BYSTANDER of that week the well-known hunting artist, "Snaffles," has painted a gay picture, while the frontispiece of the Supplement itself will be found to be a most original hunting picture in colours. Mr. Lionel Edwards contributes a fine double-page supplement in three colours, and Mr. Arthur Coaten is, as before, responsible for the letterpress. The price of the paper (plus the Supplement) will be sixpence—as usual.

WHAT WOULD HUCKLEBERRY FINN HAVE SAID? FLYING DOWN THE HUDSON

This interesting photograph shows the American aviator, Atwood, in the course of his flight from St. Louis to New York. In the picture his machine is shown just south of Cornish Hook Island, on the Hudson River

# Autumn Night Silhouettes

## SEASIDE SWEETHEARTS IN THE TRACK OF THE MOON

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY AT SOUTHWOLD BY HORACE NICHOLLS

# The Fun of the MICHAELMAS FAIR

THE MARKET-PLACE AT LEIPSIG SHOWING THE RATHAUS

## ON THE "BUMMEL" AT LEIPSIG AND MAYENCE

THERE is no vim and sparkle in pleasure-making as the sad Englishman knows it. It is decantered champagne. It is wine without savour. It is anything but the real thing. To stir the veins and to set the pulses going you must cross the Channel. In low Cafés Chantants and in German Biergartens does one drink the wine of life. At the end of September are held the great Michaelmas Fairs at Leipsig and at Mayence. Either will give you opportunity of seeing the "gaiety of nations" as is understood by the intelligent foreigner.

**The Gaiety of Nations**

You must see Leipsig when you are prepared to absorb its novelty, at the moment you arrive in the station. Your baggage must first be sent to the hotel. You must get a Kutscher to drive you everywhere round the town. An unusual noise and bustle there will be in the streets. Everybody will be laughing and talking at one and the same time. The side-walks will be crowded with stalls of toys and sweetmeats. The town will be packed with peoples from all nations of the earth. Russians in jackboots jostle Chinese in silk robes and pigtails; swarthy Italians rub shoulders with fair-headed Scandinavians. St. Michel certainly does a full share towards promoting good feeling among the Brotherhood of Nations.

**Stolid Joys of the Café Concert**

Then you will drive through the crooked streets in the older parts of the town. When you have soaked your soul in massive German masonry, you may, perhaps, stop at a disreputable Café Chantant. At fair-time they will be crowded to excess by every nation in Europe and beyond the seas. You will drink Lagerbeer; you will munch huge sandwiches of ham and bread and butter; and you will smoke vile German cigars, that the gaiety and the air of the place will endow with an indescribable delicacy of flavour. There will be singing and dancing. Perhaps there will be a *chic demoiselle* or two from across the border. They will smile encouragingly at stout, bespectacled Hans, and Hans will stare stupidly back in round-eyed admiration. The band will strike up again. You will find your foot tapping time to the music. The waltzes from Vienna and Berlin will whirl through your head. Then you will find yourself whirling round the *Stube* with an arm round a comfortably built Fräulein.

**Hot Apples and Spiced Gingerbread**

In the streets merriment and jollity will be going on under the flare of naptha lamps. Sporting booths will give you displays of the English "box." Sweet singers from Saxony will inveigle you into their booths. Shooting-galleries will be in great vogue among the military. Players from Tyrol and Dresden will present you with miniature melodrama. Then there are gingerbread stalls reeking with steaming spice, and stalls vending apples baked in custard, which is the great local delicacy.

**A City of One Night**

Peasants from all parts of the country are gathered. Fair Bavarian maidens with great, staring blue eyes and with flaxen plaits; women from the Black Forest attired in embroidered tunics like Hussars; each and every variety of peasant traders seem to be gathered from each and every part of the German Empire. A great deal of noise do they make, and an infinitesimal portion of their goods do they sell. But the more solid traders, for whose benefit the fair is held, make a bold show in the principal thoroughfares. In a single night a city of wooden booths and shops spring up.

**The Merits of Mayence**

At Mayence the good burghers give one better value for money than at Leipsig. The stage is smaller and the audience is less numerous. But hotels are better and prices are far less inflated, thus giving Mayence attractions of its own for the economist.

MALCOLM TREACHER

# Michaelmas at Mayence

THE FAMOUS ANNUAL FAIR AT MAYENCE

At the end of September is held the great St. Michel's Messe at Mayence, where congregates every good German for miles around to eat gingerbread and to buy Michaelmas presents for Gretchen and Luise. As in Paris during the National Fêtes, swings and roundabouts, and all the Fun of the Fair generally, are enjoyed in the open street

## ARNOLD BENNETT'S NEW NOVEL, "HILDA LESSWAYS"

**A Master of Detail**

A new book by Arnold Bennett has come to be an event. By now everyone has heard of the Five Towns, which are for all time his own property. And it is his genius to be able to present life in these Five Towns in the most astounding detail and with the most consummate art. He will describe a table, or a travelling circus, or a chimney, and immediately the chimney, or the travelling circus, or the table is apparently the real centre of a most poignant drama. And there is never a superfluous line in these long descriptions of ordinary things. In fact, after reading Arnold Bennett, it is difficult to believe that they are ordinary at all. Very probably they are not. Arnold Bennett can write on the commonest domestic utensil and endow it, quite naturally, with a dozen magical properties. That utensil may be no different from thousands of its kind, but it will definitely stand forth from all others, and will weave itself almost uncannily into a story which, without being particularly original, will startle you into a sudden understanding of a whole multitude of extraordinary facts. And so it is with the people of the Five Towns. They are superficially commonplace. They appear to be doing nothing out of the ordinary. They are born, and they eat and sleep. They fall in love in the normal manner. Sometimes they steal, sometimes they starve. In the end they die. But when you have finished their histories, you feel that their lives have not been ordinary at all. They have surely undergone the most splendidly alluring adventures. And you feel that Arnold Bennett has a ring which can make him invisible. He must have been spying in the manner of Balzac. His grasp of these people is simply appalling. Nothing and nobody escapes him. "I know exactly," he seems to be saying.

**Provocative Fiction**

Of all his books, the history of Edwin Clayhanger, the steam-printer at Bursley, is, perhaps, his masterpiece. You may remember that at the bottom of the penultimate page of this book there was printed a note to inform you that *Clayhanger* was to be the first volume of a trilogy. In this book you had the history of a young man, in the second you were to have the history of a young woman, and in the third you were to learn what befel these two after their marriage. At the end of *Clayhanger* you knew all there was to be known of this somewhat esoteric young man, who wished to be an architect, but was obliged to carry on his father's business. You knew that Hilda Lessways had appeared suddenly in the Orgreave household, and that Edwin had fallen in love with her, and that she had fallen in love with him, and disappeared to Brighton and surprisingly married a nebulous person called Cannon. And it was ten years before Edwin had seen her again. Of her character, however, it was impossible to form a satisfactory estimate. She was a queer, unplaceable creature, who puzzled ourselves as much as she puzzled Clayhanger. Why did she tell him that every bit of her was his and then disappear? And who was this scoundrelly Cannon, whose history was apparently so closely intertwined with her own? There was no means of solving the mystery. But there was the note on page 573. We put *Clayhanger* on the shelves and waited.

**The Second of Three**

Now the second volume of this trilogy, *Hilda Lessways* (Methuen: 6s.), is ready. Let me say at once that it may be read and enjoyed without knowledge of the previous work; it is complete in itself. It recounts, however, precisely what those who had read *Clayhanger* wanted to know. It introduces us to the Lessways household, on the outskirts of the Five Towns. Hilda is living with her mother, a silly person who owns slum property. Their rent-collector dies, and the business is put into the hands of George Cannon. Cannon has a habit of engaging upon various enterprises and using other people's names for the purpose. There exist two nonentities, by name Carkeek and Dayson. Carkeek is a solicitor, Dayson a journalist. Their names appear on the doors of two offices, which really belong to Mr. Cannon, who has that ingratiating way with him which unscrupulous men of good looks so often find useful. He is a person open to the process of idealisation. Hilda, in the position of secretary, is fascinated. Even his little lapses from truth add to the fascination. He is entirely different from everyone else. But the people of the Five Towns evidently do not agree with her. He is not properly a solicitor. (Perhaps he is not properly anything at all.) It becomes advisable for him to seek other outlets for his energies. He becomes interested in boarding-houses and hotels. He puts his half-sister, Sarah Gailey, into a house in Hornsey. Mrs. Lessway, an old friend of hers, goes with her—and dies. Hilda, alone in the world, lives with Miss Gailey, at first in Hornsey, later in Brighton. She pays a visit to her friends, the Orgreaves, at Bursley.

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and meets Edwin Clayhanger. He powerfully attracts her, but George Cannon is still in Brighton, and the old fascination holds good. People begin to talk, and Cannon suggests marriage. They are married in secret. It is all a bewildering dream. She, Hilda Lessways, is married to *him!* It cannot be! There must me a mistake! She is right. George Cannon has another wife alive. To prevent legal difficulties he migrates to America. She is left dazed. It is then that she goes once again to Bursley and falls in love with Edwin, but is unable to tell him the truth. She is going to have a child—she cannot explain, she cannot marry him. She has sinned, and must be punished, and on this note the book ends.

### The Mystery of the Sequel

It is, I suppose, the natural ending. Perhaps I wish that it were not. There is nothing of the ten years which, we know, elapse before she meets Edwin again, but there is a third volume to come. The one now under review contains all that is essential to the sure presentment of a particular character. Hence it succeeds. One or two scenes described in *Clayhanger* here reappear. A comparison between these duplicated scenes will afford a lesson in literary craft. In a short review it is impossible to say more than that *Hilda Lessways* forms a worthy portion of what may be one of the finest trilogies in literature.

*Photograph* *E. O. Hoppé*

MRS. JULIA FRANKAU (FRANK DANBY) WHOSE ADIEU MEANT ONLY AU REVOIR

Only to the actor and author is it reserved to bid adieu ! to their public—and afterwards find that they meant au revoir. Mrs. Julia Frankau, after somewhat severe treatment at the hands of the critics, declared that she would "never write again." Her sumptuous biography of "Lady Hamilton" is now announced

### Successes Which Do Not Enrich Literature

I expect there will be considerable discussion over a book which has just been translated into English, and issued in this country. I refer to *The Dangerous Age* (The Bodley Head ; 3*s.* 6*d.* net), by Garin Michaëlis. It has achieved an enormous success on the Continent. In Germany alone a hundred thousand copies have been sold in the short space of six months. And that distinguished French writer, Marcel Prévost, has translated it into French and sent it forth to his countrymen with a remarkably able introduction, which now finds a place in the English edition. Here is the first point to notice. Prévost translates a book by a hitherto not very eminent Danish writer. True, it is meeting with success in Germany, but that very success, as he admits, first roused suspicion. Great popular successes do not always belong wholly, or even partially, to literature. The crowd takes its literary successes cheaply. But Prévost found that, for once, at any rate, the success was fully deserved. Here was a really remarkable book, and so he translated it. Here comes the second point to notice. Why was this book meeting with so great a success? The answer, he found, and perhaps we shall find with him, lay in the stark truth of the book and in the originality of its central idea. Its subtitle is explanatory: "Letters and Fragments from a Woman's Diary." That is precisely what it is—letters and fragments, strung together after no particular model, but in just that natural way you might expect a woman, free from self-consciousness, to adopt. "Elsie Lindtner's confession," says Marcel Prévost, "is not merely to be weighed by its fierce physiological sincerity; it is the feminine soul, and the feminine soul of all time, that is located in this extraordinary document."

### Romance at a Dangerous Age

The story is simple enough. The woman of the diary leaves her husband at the age of forty—the dangerous age. For what precise reason only a woman, perhaps, will fully realise. But she has reached the age when she wants freedom, release from a man with whom she has never been in love. For years she has said nothing at all, but the crisis has not come until now. If, as Marcel Prévost comments, "in the eyes of the law she has remained strictly faithful to her marriage vows, she has judged herself in the secret depths of her heart." In reality she is in love with Joergen Malthe. She would have become his mistress, she thinks, but he has never demanded the sacrifice. She disappears to a hermitage, and no man crosses her threshold. And there she writes her diary and one or two letters to friends, and puts on to paper her fragmentary thoughts. Malthe writes to her, but she does not open his letter. In time it is burnt; but for all her fortitude, she is unable to play hermit. Forty is, indeed, the dangerous age. She pours out her soul to

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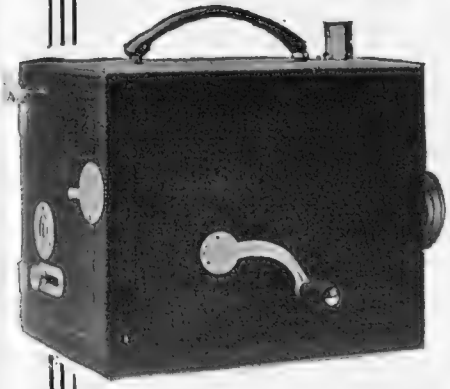

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the man she loves. He must come to her. He comes—and he has ceased to love her. In despair she writes to her divorced husband. He must pay her a visit. The divorced husband is to marry again. She is truly alone. But there is the whole world to explore. She will emerge—and explore. And that is all. There has been a great conflict between moral dignity and the desire for physical enjoyment. Only at the dangerous age has the decision been taken. "She will end," opines her French translator, "by yielding entirely when men cease to find her desirable." And, I suppose, this is the truth. It is a quite extraordinary book, strangely pathetic, strangely provocative. I imagine that certain omissions have had to be made in the English translation, and, perhaps, a few of the beauties of the original have been lost. That was inevitable. Even as it stands, the libraries, I hear, have not been too eager to welcome it. Perhaps that, too, was inevitable.

**Theatrical Memoirs**

The stage has a peculiar fascination for most people. It suggests a mystery. What is really going on behind the scenes? How much is real, how much make-believe? Theatrical folk, of course, are not so extraordinarily different from other people—they are just as hard-working and ambitious as anyone else—but there is a glamour about them which marks them off from the rest of mankind. Why this should be it might be hard to determine, but there it is. You do like to hear little private things about this or that popular favourite. Perhaps you are desirous of finding out the secret of his or her charm, as though it depended upon some factor of which you and the rest of the audience may be ignorant. So much by way of introducing the latest volume of theatrical memoirs. Most of us have seen and enjoyed Mrs. Charles Calvert's acting at one time or another, and now, in *Sixty-Eight Years on the Stage* (Mills and Boon: 10*s.* 6*d.* net), she has written her reminiscences. Things were curiously primitive in the days when Mrs. Calvert, at the age of seven, was called on to take her first part. The old stock companies were travelling about, and "The Profession" was not overcrowded as it is to-day. Mrs. Calvert tells the story of her hard fight for success. She seems to have met "everyone who is anyone" on the stage. It is not a pretentious volume, nor unduly lengthy, but it will interest even those who have never had the good fortune to see Mrs. Calvert on the stage.

**Love in America**

There is a little gem of a book called *Molly Make-Believe*, by Eleanor Abbott (Heinemann: 1*s.* net), which has lately reached these shores after a great success in America. The central idea is extraordinarily funny and just a little pathetic. A girl, Molly herself, runs a Serial-Letter Company. One of her circulars is given to a young man, temporarily confined to his bed, by his *fiancee*, who is too keen on her own enjoyment to nurse him. The Serial-Letter Company writes the most entrancing love-letters; the *fiancée*, who has gone south, writes no more than a postcard. The invalid falls in love with Molly of the letters—a girl whose very existence is doubtful. But the Serial-Letter Company fails, and Molly herself has to appear in person. What happens then you must find out for yourself; your shilling will not have been wasted.

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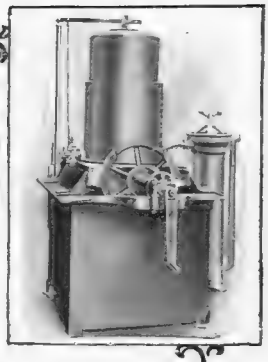

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## GOLF

### A "Davis" Cup for Golf

In THE BYSTANDER of August 16, 1905, I put in a plea for the establishment of a Cup for golf on similar lines to the lawn tennis Davis Cup, the preliminary tie for which our lawn tennis team has lately lost to the Americans in New York. I have returned to this subject on more than one occasion since then, but I was beginning to be afraid that the seed had fallen on stony ground, for no response came from any quarter. I was surprised and delighted, therefore, to read, on the authority of Mr. Horace Hutchinson, that Mr. C. B. Macdonald, the well-known Scoto-American golfer, had decided to give a Cup as an international trophy for competition among teams representing the various countries where golf flourishes. Mr. Macdonald is an old St. Andrews golfer now resident in America, and representative for that country on the Rules of Golf Committee. He has been Amateur Champion of America, and if the analogy of the "Davis" Cup be followed, which was presented by that great American lawn tennis player, Mr. Dwight Davis, the international golf trophy ought to be called the "Macdonald" Cup. I understand that nothing hard or fast has been laid down by Mr. Macdonald as to the conditions which shall govern competitions for his Cup. He has intimated his readiness to give the Cup, and has roughly outlined his ideas as to the competition for it. In his view the contest might be fought by teams of four aside and the matches consist of thirty-six holes singles, eighteen holes four-ball matches, and eighteen holes foursome play. I would earnestly appeal to Mr. Macdonald to cut out the four-ball match. Four-ball foursomes, however amusing for private play and in cases where all four players want a knock, are unworthy of a place in a serious competition. They are a hybrid form of golf, and they are, in my humble opinion, a bad and pernicious form of it. It would seem much better and simpler to follow the conditions of the "Davis" Cup, which consists of four Singles and one Doubles match. A golf team might well consist of only two players, let us say Mr. Ball and Mr. Hilton. Let us suppose them to meet Mr. Evans and Mr. Herreshoff as representing America. On the first day Mr. Ball would play a thirty-six holes match against Mr. Evans and Mr. Hilton would do the like against Mr. Herreshoff. On the next day these couples would play a thirty-six holes foursome of the ordinary and legitimate kind. On the third day, if necessary, Mr. Ball would play thirty-six holes against Mr. Herreshoff, and Mr. Hilton thirty-six holes against Mr. Evans. Each match would count one point, and the team winning the majority of matches would win the event. Thus if either side won both the singles and the foursome on the first and second day there would be no need to play the remaining singles on the third day.

*Photograph* *Sport and General*

**Fresh Laurels for Mr. H. Hilton**

After winning the United States Amateur Championship, Mr. H. H. Hilton must have sighed, like Alexander, at the thought that there are no more worlds to conquer. In England he has won the Open Championship twice and the Amateur Championship thrice, besides the Open Championship of Ireland four times, and this latest feat places him well ahead of all other amateur golfers

### Away and Home

I venture to submit to Mr. Macdonald that this would be the simplest and easiest method of deciding the fate of his Cup. As he is the donor of the Cup he is quite right to stipulate that the first contest should take place over the National Golf Course of America, which he has been mainly instrumental in laying out and carrying to completion. The selection of our team might well be left in the hands of our Premier Club, and if our team was successful in winning the trophy, that club would hold the trophy and arrange for the next contest for its possession taking place on the old course at St. Andrews.

ERNEST LEHMANN

## LAWN TENNIS

### The Hard Court Boom

About this time of the year writers on lawn tennis have hitherto begun to think of reviewing the past season. It is always a somewhat dreary business, and I, personally, propose to get out of it by the simple expedient of saying that nowadays there is really no such thing as a past season in lawn tennis. It is true that the last grass tournament of 1911, the mammoth Eastbourne meeting, is now drawing to a reluctant close; but what of that? Grass play may cease to-morrow, but next week players will be hard at it again on gravel courts, covered courts, cement courts, and every kind of court on which it is possible to keep the game alive when, traditionally, it is supposed to be dead or, at any rate, hibernating.

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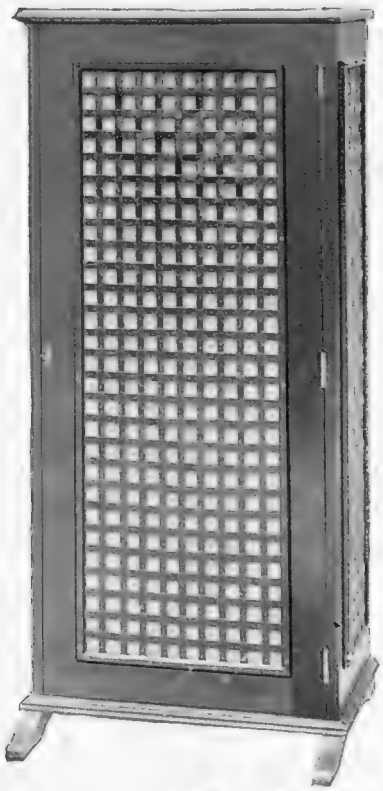

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# A Flourishing Lawn Tennis Finale

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DEVONSHIRE PARK GROUND AT EASTBOURNE

**The last lawn tennis tournament of the season on grass courts is also the largest. The mammoth Eastbourne meeting, which began last week and is still in progress, has once again topped its own record. By the time it is over, the results of no fewer than a thousand matches will be recorded on its programme. Our illustration, though it embraces only a portion of the large area on which the courts are laid, gives a very good idea of the busy scene which is daily enacted**

In fact, the way in which the cult of the hard court has progressed, seeing that it only started some three years ago, is quite astonishing. I am told by a firm who specialise in the laying-down of hard courts that at the present time they have no fewer than thirty of them on order, and tournaments and matches in what used to be known as the off-season are increasing every year. It is quite certain that for this reason we shall soon see that improvement in the standard of English play that we are all waiting, and hoping, for. I have always contended that the way to improve one's game and learn to *hit* the ball is to practise on a fast and true surface, such as one rarely meets with on grass, even in a summer like that which is just over; and the free, forceful, and dashing style of the young Continental players who play winter and summer alike on hard courts either under cover or in the open is proof positive that I am right. If I were asked to give a concrete instance in support of my argument I should point to C. P. Dixon, who has just fought a losing fight so well for England against America in the Davis Cup. He is undoubtedly a better player than he was three or four seasons ago, and his advance is directly traceable to his connection with the Dulwich Farm and Drive hard court clubs and to his South African tour as "top-boy" for the Drive Club last winter. And Dixon, be it noted, is one of the old brigade, which shows that the blessings of hard court practice are not for the young alone.

## RUGBY FOOTBALL

**The New Spirit in "Rugger"**

In the course of last football season, in commenting upon the improvement in the standard of play in English Rugger, particularly in London and South, I found a cause of satisfaction in the fact that Rugby men take their football more seriously than they used to. I am aware that there are some who do not share in this view. They argue that a game loses half its charm directly you "make a business of it." But there is all the difference in the world between taking a game seriously and making a business of it—even if you grant that the latter phrase is merely metaphorical, since no one actually makes a business of Rugby football proper. To paraphrase an old saying, if a game is worth playing at all it is worth the player's while to play it as well as he can, and I never can see what satisfaction a man can get out of a game if he treats it—as so many do—as a mere "rag." I have seen Rugby football played in this way more often than I could wish. The players seemed to regard the game purely as a means of letting off their superfluous steam and ensuring a proper working of the pores of the skin; they were just as content to play badly as to play well; and the desire to improve their game, whether individually or as a team, seemed to be wholly lacking. I have marvelled that men could spend an afternoon so aimlessly, and have felt as I left the ground very much like what Mr. Pickwick must have felt when he secretly envied the ease with which Mr. P. Magnus's friends were entertained.

**Bright Prospects**

But nowadays one sees very much less of this sort of thing. There has been a marked change in the spirit in which Rugger is played during the past two seasons. One or two captains here and there, instead of taking their teams as they found them and leaving them to worry through the season as best they could, have tried to increase their efficiency, not only by training and practice, but by creating an understanding between the men and having a more or less definite plan of campaign arranged for each match. Their example has been infectious, and last year really good matches were as plentiful as they were at one time rare. This has all been for the good of the game. That dreaded word "decadent" is no longer muttered in Rugby circles, and the Rugby season which is now fairly under way, starts with every prospect of a prosperous passage.

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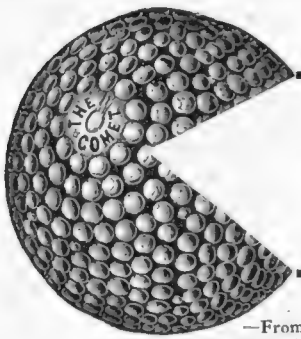


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Deduct 25% from the above prices, remit us amount, and balls will be sent free per return post. We undertake to refund cash if balls are not to your entire satisfaction.

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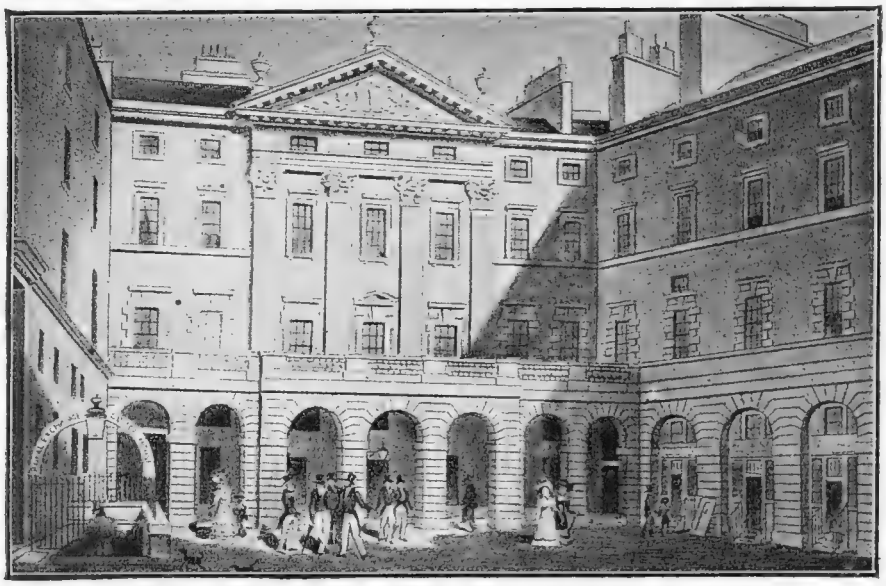
# THE ROMANCE OF INSURANCE

**Insuring the Roman Galleys**

Almost since man first took risks there has always seemed somebody ready to guarantee him against them. Insurance appears as old a thing as History itself. During preparations against the revolt of Boadicea, Suetonius speaks of Claudius having insured his ships against disaster; and probably some such idea was in the mind of that astute warrior when he contemplated navigating an uncharted coast. It was not until the stormy days of the Medici that insurance became a recognised feature of commerce. It was then possible for the ordinary private citizen to insure his house and property against pillage and incendiarism. But not until some centuries later was it possible actually to insure human life. This was the enterprise of the "Life" Insurance Company which was afterwards renamed. During the eighteenth century Marine Insurance also became an accomplished fact; and in view of the importance of the opening years of the nineteenth century to the Insurance world in general, it is not inappropriate to review the political situation of England at that time.



ROYAL EXCHANGE, EDINBURGH, IN NAPOLEON'S DAY

Standing in front of the municipal buildings are bucks and dandies of the Georgian period. The steps to the left lead to the coffee-house where the first meeting of promoters of the North British Insurance Co. was held

**The Shadow of Napoleon**

The year 1809 was a memorable one in the history of the British nation. It opened gloomily with the retreat of Sir John Moore, before the overwhelming forces of Soult, to Corunna, with Napoleon at the zenith of his power, and with his armies everywhere triumphant, and practically the whole Continent lying prostrate at his feet. Consols had fallen to 66, and the price of bread in Edinburgh was fixed by the magistrates at eighteenpence a loaf. Although our supremacy on the seas had been vindicated at Trafalgar, sea-borne commerce, on which our prosperity so largely depended, was hampered by the frequent capture of ships. Voyagers from Leith to London were recommended to go in vessels armed by Government.

**Old Drury's Disastrous Fire**

It was in this age and under these conditions that the North British Insurance Company was launched. An incident occurred a few weeks before the announcement in the Edinburgh Press of the projected formation of the Company, which may have had some bearing upon it, namely, the disastrous fire in Drury Lane Theatre, London, in February, 1809. On April 17 of that year, at the instance of a meeting of gentlemen which had been held in the Royal Exchange Coffee House, there appeared in the Edinburgh papers an advertisement, announcing the proposal to found a Company under the name of the North British Insurance Company. The notification pointed out that more than twenty English companies were conducting a flourishing insurance business in Scotland; and, after describing the field which lay open, and making a special appeal to Scottish national feeling, it set forth that the capital proposed was to be £500,000, and invited subscriptions. The tiny sapling of 1809 has grown into a mighty tree, with branches all over the world.

**During Six Sovereigns' Reigns**

A hundred years have come and gone since the "North British" first sought the support of the public. During that time six British Sovereigns have sat on the throne; the Empire has mightily expanded in area and population, and still more in wealth and resources. It is interesting to note that this Company has recently purchased the shares of the Railway Passengers Assurance Company, the original Accident Insurance Company, and also of the Ocean Marine Insurance Company.

**A Great Empire City**

Liverpool, which once disputed with Glasgow the rank of second largest town in the United Kingdom, has been the scene of many memorable enterprises. For position of premier port it fought long and earnestly in the eighteenth century with Bristol, to come gloriously out of the contest. In 1836 Liverpool, with its immense and ever-growing commerce with foreign lands, was attracting to itself enterprises of great magnitude, and the time seemed ripe for the formation of a strong insurance company, whose headquarters should be in Liverpool. The project was favourably regarded by many of the leading men of the city, and May 21 saw the birth of that great concern which is now known as the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company. It has thus an active history of seventy-five years to its credit.

The new Branch Office of the North British and Mercantile Insurance Company in Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S.W. This building has only recently been completed, and is justly considered to be one of the architectural beauties of the West End of London.

**NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO.**

*in which are vested the Shares of the*

**RAILWAY PASSENGERS ASSURANCE CO.**

*The Oldest Accident Office in the World,*

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**Hands Across the World**

As each year saw the position of the undertaking strengthening, it was eventually decided to extend the Company's borderland, and open up connection with foreign countries. This important step was taken after mature deliberation, and with a full knowledge of what it implied and the new responsibilities it entailed. But it proved a step in the right direction, and led to a foreign business on an unprecedented scale, inaugurating a world-wide extension.

**The Heart of Liverpool**

The head office of the Company is at 1, Dale Street, Liverpool, in the very heart of the city, and the Liverpool equivalent of the London Royal Exchange. The building is considered to be a fine example of the Italian Renaissance period, the work of Pepys Cockerell, architect. Close to the Town Hall, the Exchange, and the Stock Exchange, the head office of the Liverpool and London and Globe marks the spot where the great commercial heart of the city beats most strongly. It is worth while remembering that the Liverpool and London and Globe was one of the most powerful of those great British fire insurance companies which did great pioneer work on the other side of the Atlantic, and which caused British fire insurance to be held in such esteem in the United States.

ITALIAN RENAISSANCE IN LIVERPOOL
This remarkably fine building, by Pepys Cockerell, is the head office of the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company. It is situated at Dale Street, in the heart of Liverpool

**An Echo of Chicago's Conflagration**

Ever since the historic conflagration at Chicago, the prompt and generous settlements of the Liverpool and London and Globe made its name there for all time, and, along with other offices, gave British fire insurance so high a character and so great a reputation that many other British companies subsequently decided to extend their operations to the United States. Since the Chicago conflagration took place there has not been one in which the Liverpool and London and Globe has not been largely and directly interested, from Boston, which followed soon after Chicago, to the more recent ones of Baltimore and San Francisco. In every case this Company has shown that the trust reposed in it was well founded, that its power was a genuine power.

**The Friend in Need**

Every year the reputation of the Company has been getting greater and greater, and it is only the plain fact to say that the policyholders of the Company, at home and abroad, regard the Liverpool and London and Globe as a true, tried, and trusted friend. The Company has an exceedingly powerful board of directors, as well as local boards in all the principal insurance centres. Its London office, a striking building occupying one of the most important sites in the City, is situated in Cornhill.

**Founded in Waterloo Year**

Waterloo year saw the founding of an important insurance company, the Scottish Widows' Fund. It is the largest and wealthiest office for Mutual Life Insurance in the United Kingdom. Policies are issued for children for educational purposes, marriage settlements, for old age, and for each and every variety of life insurance. Full particulars are to be had of the head office in Edinburgh at 9, St. Andrew Square. The year of the great South Sea ventures, which ended so disastrously for most of them, saw the foundation of one of the oldest and soundest British assurance companies, the Royal Exchange Assurance. This Company undertakes policies for fire, life, accident, and embraces practically every scope of assurance. The Secretary of the Corporation at their head office, The Royal Exchange, London, will forward full particulars upon application. Thus are detailed the histories of certain of the oldest established British insurance companies, and should provide interesting reading to those contemplating sound investments in the safest and best form of laying out income.

# Racing Notions

By CARBINE

## NEWMARKET PROSPECTS

**The Jockey Club Stakes**

There promises to be some very interesting sport at the first of the so-called October meetings at Newmarket this week, and the chief event is the Jockey Club Stakes on Thursday. This, the second richest race of the English season, will be worth something like £7,500 to the owner of the winner. It is a little ironical to find that Lord Derby, who is at the head of the winning owners this year with over £31,000 to his credit, looks like adding this prize to his long list of winners. Swynford can meet Lemberg in this race on level terms, and those who saw the effortless style in which the Derby winner was beaten by his old opponent in the Eclipse Stakes cannot entertain the slightest doubt as to the result if the pair should come together again on Thursday. Lord Derby also has Stedfast, which has a breeding allowance which places him in the race on very favourable terms with all the other three-year-olds. The third string of the Stanley House stable, if one should be needed, will be Hairtrigger II., who also has a substantial breeding allowance. Thus it seems to me that Lord Derby may fill the first three places with **Swynford,** Stedfast, and Hairtrigger II. respectively, and by so doing he would equal the achievement of M. Edmond Blanc in the Grand Prix de Paris a few years ago.

**Likely Winners**

Some of the best sprinters in training will meet in the Great Eastern Handicap on Wednesday, and I expect to see Mr. J. B. Joel take the event with **Sunflower II.,** which, in my opinion, was a little unfortunate not to have won the Portland Plate at Doncaster. Lord Falmouth, one of the lucky owners of the season, should win the Hopeful Stakes on this day with **Merry Maiden.** On Thursday I look for the success of **Great Surprise** in the Snailwell Stakes, and on the following afternoon the Newmarket St. Leger may be won by **Phryxus.** In all probability the **Adula filly,** who has not been in public since she carried off her lucrative race at Sandown Park, will be brought out for the Rous Memorial Stakes, which she should win. Visitors to Windsor on Saturday may see **The Policeman** secure the Royal Borough Handicap.

ESTD 1836

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ASSETS EXCEED £11,000,000

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History of Progress:

| | | ANNUAL INCOME. | ASSETS. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1836 | Reign of King William IV. | £10,851 | £68,010 |
| 1838 | Coronation of Queen Victoria | £18,937 | £78,749 |
| 1887 | Jubilee of Queen Victoria | £1,820,886 | £7,975,531 |
| 1902 | Coronation of King Edward VII. | £2,731,301 | £10,773,237 |
| 1911 | Coronation of King George V. | £3,629,118 | £11,523,394 |

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# MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

THE CAR IN THE ROCKIES

A party of Premier car owners have just essayed an ocean-to-ocean tour of America in the interests of the good road movement. All of them went through, returning three broken springs as the sum of the mechanical defects of the whole twelve vehicles. The success suggests that, although the road engineer is not yet abroad in the United States, the automobile engineer is still able to surmount the difficulties of primitive tracks with the greatest efficiency. Road improvement will simply strengthen the car's position

**The Pressure of Experience**

WE continue most healthily to shed our beliefs under the pressure of experience, When the car was in swaddling clothes (and often lying near a manger, the patience and the strength of its owner having given out on the road and a stable being happily adjacent) the four-cylinder engine was regarded with almost hopeless longing. To be relieved of the incubus of the big fly-wheel was desirable. To secure the advantage of smooth and even transmission was great joy. To get greater horse-power in a possible form was good business. But, the single-cylinder engine was trouble enough and expense enough. To increase the number of cylinders was simply to multiply that trouble and expense by four. Experience and the advance of the engineer's craft forced a revision of that quite widely held view. The four-cylinder to-day is the rule. Anything else is the comparative exception.

**Changing Ideas and Ideals**

The ideal changes with the belief. Most people will concede the advantage of a six-cylinder over a four. The four has demonstrated itself equal to wonderful things. Its elasticity, its power, its reliability, its economy have made it the common choice; but that does not prevent us from acknowledging the six-cylinder as a higher expression of automobile progress. Its over-lapping power strokes give it a continuity of shockless movement altogether luxurious. "Splendid," we say, "just splendid — for those who can afford it." The thought of that additional running expense gives us pause. We are obsessed by the idea of cost. We cannot hope to get all these advantages without large additional expenditure (which is true enough, although the extra expenditure is certainly not so large as we sometimes imagine), nor without paying the price on the road. We look at the opulent six, and we look at the banking account; and we go sorrowing away, for we are not as the rich young man of the parable.

AN AIRMAN FROM FAR EAST

It speaks volumes for the spirit of progress and enlightenment in the "Heathen Chinee" when the Government of the Chinese Emperor send pupils to England to be instructed in the science of aviation. Our picture shows Mr. Z. R. Lee preparing for a trial spin at the Bristol Company's School on Salisbury Plain

TALK No. 7.

**FREQUENT HEADACHES,**

that tired feeling, the sallow skin and lack-lustre eye that come with biliousness won't help you along in life. When you are tired and run down all work is hard work, you hate your business and don't enjoy your pleasures, you can't even be good looking if you are not well. You may not know it, but it is your Liver that is wrong. Remember that the Liver is the Chemist's Shop of the Body. It produces the chemicals that digest and assimilate the food. If it is wrong, produces too much or too little of these chemicals, the whole body is wrong, and you can't be well. But you can be cured, and gently.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS**

do touch the Liver, stimulate it and regulate it. Take them to-day, they will regulate the flow of bile that is causing all your trouble. They will brighten your eye, give you the straight back and clean tongue of perfect health; and they will do this gently, without drastic movement to strain and injure the delicate membrane of the bowel, and without stomach pains and sickness. Try them to-day, and see how much easier your work will be, how much better looking you will be, and what a pleasant thing this life is after all. They are little pills, but they will cure your ills.

**For Headache.**
**For Dizziness.**
**For Biliousness.**
**For Torpid Liver.**
**For Constipation.**
**For Sallow Skin.**
**For the Complexion.**

**GIVE THE CLEAN TONGUE OF PERFECT HEALTH.**

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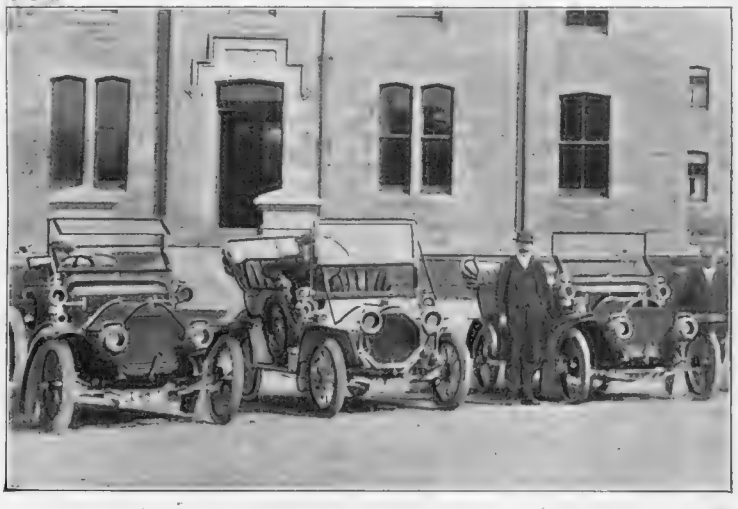
Well, the Rolls-Royce has been busily engaged just recently in demonstrating, under official observation, that economical running can accompany a six-cylinder in a degree that does not enter into our normal consideration. It proved itself equal to 24.32 miles per gallon and 57.07 ton miles per gallon. That for a 40-50 h.-p. vehicle under almost any conditions of running is extraordinary. A much less favourable result is not unknown with some fours of much smaller power. When we consider that it was secured on a top-gear run from London to Edinburgh and back, finishing with a speed-test at Brooklands at the rate of 78.26 m.p.h., it becomes even more notable. For an engine of its dimensions this easily constitutes a record not only for economy, but for flexibility.

**On Living Up to Reputation**

There is no need to lavish superlatives upon a Rolls-Royce performance. Its latest achievement will be appreciated at its full value without comment. We long ago decided that the automobile world had no vehicle *en vente* of finer parts, of better balance, of greater efficiency, or of a more opulent finish. Since it won the Dewar Cup in 1907 with a 15,000-mile non-stop run (or, rather, a single involuntary stop of half a minute to turn a petrol tap) it has occupied a pre-eminent position among the products of automobile engineering. We just expect it to live up to the heights upon which it has been placed and to demonstrate that it continues to be worthy of our regard. In bare justice to it, we have to confess that it never disappoints, and generally betters our expectations. I will leave it at that—with heartiest congratulations. But a car of that power that can run to Edinburgh and back on top gear, and then accelerate to 78.26 m.p.h., and get over twenty-four miles to the gallon, is—well, chose your own superlative.



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**The first cars to challenge the reign of the famous ponies are the not less famous Humbers. Three of them were recently sold into the island, and, despite the hilly and tortuous nature of the roads, are giving every satisfaction, and are in great demand**

**Touring in Ireland**

"The Irish Motor Directory" grows in grace, and size, and utility. The 1911 edition is made quite a considerable tome by the inclusion of several articles and illustrations, which Mr. H. G. Tempest, the editor, submits are "first-rate papers, both of serious and more than transient interest, and of a lighter and more humorous nature." That is modestly put, and, excepting one article, which I cannot decently refer to (being at least as modest as Mr. Tempest), is bare truth. The large section devoted to the law and covering all the Acts, and Orders, and other queer official documents relating to the car, in Ireland particularly, is excellently and helpfully done, and assists the reader (this, however, quite *inter alia*) in deciding the extent to which the law still remains the hass. The complete directory of owners of motor vehicles, hotels, garages, motor-car, motor-cycle, and aviation organisations, and a mass of other carefully selected and handily tabulated information, running to a matter of 400 pages with map and enclosed in green cloth case, makes the book the most comprehensive encyclopædia of Irish motoring affairs that has ever come out of a country popularly alleged to be distressful. The price is *2s. 6d.*, and the compleat Irish motorist cannot very well exist who is unable to find the book on his reference shelf.

**In Compression**

The Argyll taxi-cabs, fifty of them, which ply without the Knickerbocker Hotel, in New York, continue to demonstrate, as they have demonstrated for the past four years, that the British vehicle, at any rate, is not included in the creation which the American product is supposed to lick. These cabs are admittedly of the best and smartest in the city, and their longevity and efficiency have won a large respect for the output of the famous Scottish factory in particular, and the British motor industry generally.

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In the 2,000 kilomètre trial run from Moscow to St. Petersburg, which has just been completed, the first prize for the smallest car making an absolute non-stop run has been secured by a 18-24 h.-p. J. D. Siddeley Type Deasy. This same "Siddeley-Deasy" was entered for the reliability trial organised by the Automobile Club of Russia, between St. Petersburg and Sebastopol, which started on the 17th inst. I await the result with much interest.

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The Newnham Hill-Climb held by the Coventry Motor Club constituted a veritable scoop for Pratt's Spirit. The President's Cup, the Dunlop Silver Cup, the Rudge-Whitworth Silver Cup, the *Motor-Cycle* Silver Cup and Club Prize, the Midland *Daily Telegraph* prize, the Club Cup for fastest time of the day, and a couple of gold medals represented the day's bag. The proprietors of the Spirit suggest that such a number of trophies in one hill-climb is significant proof of the popularity and quality of Pratt's. Without hesitation or equivocation I agree.

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My note upon the Cody attempt for the Michelin Cup succeeded in getting itself crowded out. It is sufficient now, perhaps, to record the fact that Cody successfully covered the full circuit of 125 miles in 3hr. 7min., so that he is now first in the running for the Michelin Cup No. 2, the competition for which closes on October 15 next. Good business.

THE
# BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 408.—Vol. XXXI. Wednesday, September 27, 1911 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

Telephone: ESTATE AGENTS — HAMPTON & SONS — AUCTIONEERS — 37 GERRARD. VALUERS

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ABOUT 25 ACRES,

in a very favourite neighbourhood. Avenue drive through woodlands and wide-spreading lawns. The House is designed to ensure every conceivable comfort, has 3 excellent reception rooms,

FINE BILLIARD ROOM,

11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms. Kennels, etc.—HAMPTON and SONS have personally inspected and can strongly recommend the Property as one of the most attractive at present in the market.—Offices, 2 and 3, Cockspur Street, S.W.

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WHITBY (near).—£100 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED, £250 PER ANNUM, FURNISHED. Stone-built COUNTRY RESIDENCE, commanding lovely views and approached through

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in river adjoining the Estate. Rookery. Company's water. Near golf, station, and village.

EXCELLENT SOCIAL AND SPORTING DISTRICT.

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For SALE at an extremely low reserve.

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Also a smaller detached Residence having hall, 2 reception rooms 4 bedrooms, bathroom, stabling, garden, etc.

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*2½ miles from junction (L. & N.W. main line) and market town.*

2½ HOURS FROM MANCHESTER AND LIVERPOOL.—For SALE, this most substantially built and well-planned RESIDENCE, grandly situated in a high yet sheltered position with views on all sides of almost

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and surrounded by its charming grounds and parklands of ABOUT 55 ACRES, through which it is approached by 2 long carriage drives with lodge entrance.

*Hall (15ft. square) with massive staircase, morning room (18ft. by 16ft.), dining room (24ft. by 18ft.), billiard room (27ft. 3in. by 19ft. 6in.), drawing room (23ft. by 18ft.), study (12ft. by 12ft.).*

13 bed and dressing rooms, bath, servants' hall, etc. Ample stable and motor accommodation. Inexpensive grounds with tennis and croquet lawns, partly walled kitchen garden and glass. Farmery with useful buildings. Lighting by acetylene gas.

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Beautiful gardens and grounds, old lawns, tennis court, walled kitchen garden, woodland, and about 27 acres of parkland.—Full particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York, Winnipeg, and Sydney. (5,155)

N.B.—The furniture could be acquired.

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Over 700ft. above sea level, and affording fine views of typical Surrey scenery. Contains: 4 reception, 12 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling for 4, with large coach-house and men's rooms.

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**HANTS COAST.**—An attractive FREEHOLD ESTATE of 240 acres for SALE, with a well-planned House in the Elizabethan style, standing 250ft. above sea level, and containing: 4 reception, billiard, and 22 bed and dressing rooms, etc.; stabling, cottage, farmery, etc.—For full particulars apply to Box K 5,152, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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**FOR SALE,** or would be LET on Lease, on St. George's Hill, off main road, 1 mile from Weybridge Station, a commodious HOUSE, in perfect condition, fitted with all the latest modern conveniences; all rooms heated by radiators; electric light throughout: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception, large billiard room, really good domestic offices; garage for 3 cars, workshops, men's rooms; greenhouses, well-wooded garden, with tennis lawn; early possession could be arranged.—Apply, HENSLEY, Birnam, Weybridge.

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**RESTORATION OF OLD-WORLD PLACES.**—WILSON and GRAY prepare plans and specifications for the renovation and restoration of old Houses and Mansions at *moderate fees.* WILSON and GRAY have, by careful study and considerable *practical experience*, gained extensive knowledge in this special branch of their business, and if desired they will be pleased to arrange for clients to inspect either work completed or work now in hand. *Owners are respectfully invited to consult Wilson and Gray respecting contemplated improvements.*

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**WILSON & GRAY, OF LONDON AND YEOVIL,** are Agents for the more important Properties now available in the above Counties. Lists will be sent gratis on receipt of requirements.

A BARGAIN IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

In a beautiful part, 250ft. above sea level.

**£2,900, FREEHOLD.**—A DELIGHTFUL AND PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE, well away from road, approached by carriage drive: 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms; stabling of 4 loose boxes; 2 cottages; the grounds are finely timbered and include tennis lawns, ornamental pond, kitchen garden, orchard, paddock, in all nearly 5 acres.—Sole Agents, Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

AT A SACRIFICIAL PRICE.

YORKSHIRE, in the best part, grandly situated, overlooking the Moors. For private occupation, religious institute, sanatorium, school, etc.

**£5,000 WILL PROBABLY BE ACCEPTED** for a well-known MANSION and about 25 acres of beautiful grounds. Accommodation: entrance hall, 5 reception rooms, ample offices, 25 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; gas, heating by hot-water pipes; stabling for 9; cottages. The whole Estate, about 750 acres, would be SOLD. —Full details of WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, W.

A BARGAIN IN SURREY.

**£3,000 IS ASKED** for the above charming old HOUSE, situated near Guildford, with about 2 acres of beautifully timbered gardens: 7 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 halls, drawing room (24ft. by 20ft.), 2 other reception rooms, good offices; stabling for 2, garage.

CLOSE TO 18-HOLE GOLF LINKS.

—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

## NO COMMISSION REQUIRED

**MESSRS. WILSON AND GRAY** are acting for clients who wish to acquire Country Properties meeting with the following requirements

**WANTED TO RENT,** an Unfurnished COUNTRY HOUSE in any healthy part within 2½ hours of London: 13-16 bed rooms, billiard room; matured grounds and park; high position near golf links; clay soil barred.—Full particulars, with photos, should be sent to S.G.H., Esq., c/o Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

**WANTED TO PURCHASE,** an important COUNTRY SEAT within 50 miles of London. The Residence must be an absolutely genuine Elizabethan, Tudor, or Jacobean structure, and the amount of land included is not of great importance; a fancy price will be paid for a suitable place.—Replies to be addressed to S., c/o WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

**WANTED TO PURCHASE OR RENT,** Unfurnished, in Sussex, within about 12 miles of the coast, an up-to-date HOUSE, with electric light: 12-15 bedrooms, 3 reception rooms, and billiard room; stabling and garage; matured and well-timbered gardens, with 10-20 acres of grassland.—Address full particulars, with photos, to Lord C., c/o Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W.

**WANTED TO PURCHASE,** a FREEHOLD PROPERTY near the coasts of Sussex, Hants, or Dorset, and, if possible, with view of the sea. The HOUSE must be a pretty, old-fashioned one, with 12 bedrooms (or less if the house could be added to), and 15 to 20 acres of gardens and land must surround.—Replies to be addressed to B., c/o Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

**WANTED TO PURCHASE,** for about £2,500, a pretty HOUSE, with about 6 bedrooms, and 4 or 5 acres of fully matured grounds; only properties situate on the following railways will be entertained, G.E., L.B. and S.C., S.E., and the property must further be situated within 5 miles of a station, whence London can be reached within the hour.—Replies to be addressed to R., c/o WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

A BARGAIN.

ONLY JUST OVER ½ AN HOUR FROM LONDON.

PERFECTLY RURAL SURROUNDINGS.

**BUCKS** (the most beautiful part of the county).—Splendidly appointed RESIDENCE, with 14 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, billiard room, 4 reception rooms, etc.; electric light, gravel soil, lovely old gardens, 2 cottages; stabling and garage. About 10 acres in all. FREEHOLD for Sale at a low figure.—Inspected and highly recommended by the Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

OWNER MUST SELL BEFORE THE WINTER.

A GENUINE SHOW PLACE FOR SALE AT AN ABSOLUTE BARGAIN PRICE.

**LOVELIEST PART OF BERKS** (an hour from London).—The delightful old QUEEN ANNE HOUSE contains: 9 bedrooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, etc.; stabling and cottage.

PERFECT OLD-WORLD GARDENS, FOR THEIR SIZE PROBABLY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN THE COUNTY.

—Price for the Freehold and full particulars can be obtained from WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount St., W.

A FAVOURITE RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING PART OF SOMERSET.

A BEAUTIFUL FREEHOLD ESTATE OF 150 ACRES, IN A RING FENCE.

**TO BE SOLD.**

*Showing over 4 per cent. return on price.*

Long carriage drive. Richly timbered park and grounds. House faces due South and is protected from the North.

Spacious hall, 3 fine reception rooms, 11 bedrooms, bathroom, excellent offices.

Stabling for 6; walled kitchen garden; lake with island; model farm, farmhouse, 2 cottages.

House and 16 acres in hand,
Residue Let at £274 per annum.

—Highly recommended by WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and 20, Princes Street, Yeovil.

FINE OLD FOURTEENTH-CENTURY HALL.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED, FOR TERM OF YEARS, OR FOR 1 YEAR.

**SUFFOLK** (about 10 miles from Ipswich, amidst delightful country).—The above beautiful old-moated RESIDENCE of great historic interest, recently restored and now in first-rate order throughout.

*Herring-bone brickwork. Diamond pane glazing. Oak timbering. Richly carved oak beams. Beautiful old linenfold and other oak panelling.*

Lounge hall, 3 or 4 reception rooms, 10 or 11 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, good domestic offices; stabling, garage; well-timbered grounds of about 4 acres; new drainage; hot-water heating; shooting can be rented. Moderate Rent.—Sole Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W. Personally inspected.

HERTFORDSHIRE.—One of the most beautiful parts of the country. Well under an hour from London by express trains G.N. Rly.

**£220 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.**—Picturesque modern RESIDENCE, surrounded by about 25 acres well-timbered parklands; long carriage drive with lodge at entrance: 14 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, excellent domestic offices; stabling for 7; the property is in first-rate order and fitted with all modern improvements; acetylene gas.

300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL. SPLENDID VIEWS.

Charming gardens with tennis and croquet lawns, walled kitchen gardens, paddocks, etc.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W.

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# F. L. MERCER & CO.,

7, SACKVILLE STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONE No. 1579 Gerrard.

CONSIDERED THE PRETTIEST PROPERTY IN THE DISTRICT.

**HORSHAM** (1 mile from this favourite market town, high up, on light soil, 'midst beautiful country, almost adjoining famous golf links).—The ELEGANT RESIDENCE contains: 4 reception, bath, 10 bedrooms; there is a long carriage drive with pretty entrance lodge; excellent stabling; garage; exceptionally pretty pleasure grounds and parklike meadows of 15¼ ACRES. Price, £6,500.—Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

ONE OF THE QUAINTEST OLD PLACES IN SUSSEX.

**BETWEEN HORSHAM AND THREE BRIDGES,** built in the TRUE OLD SUSSEX STYLE, with timber and herring-bone brickwork; exquisitely timbered and naturally beautiful grounds, intersected by pretty stream, forming a chain of ornamental lakes, with PRETTY WATERFALLS at intervals; superior lodge entrance, and

52 ACRES OF PARKLAND.

More land up to 240 acres, together with farmhouse and cottages, optional. Price moderate.—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

**CANTERBURY AND FOLKESTONE** (between).—For SALE, attractive COUNTRY RESIDENCE, occupying magnificent, healthy situation, approached by carriage drive: 9 bed and dressing, 3 reception rooms; stabling for 4, motor garage; heated conservatory; charming pleasure grounds and beautifully timbered parklike meadow-land, in all 14 ACRES; gardener's cottage. HUNTING. Price, Freehold, £2,000.—F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

IN THE FAVOURITE BASINGSTOKE DISTRICT.

**A BEAUTIFUL FAMILY RESIDENCE.**—Excellent stabling, garage, gardener's cottage, farmhouse buildings; exquisite pleasure grounds, beautifully timbered, and

PARKLANDS OF 46 ACRES.

High up; shooting and golf; modern sanitation. £6,500.—Sole Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

FOR SALE AT A SACRIFICIAL PRICE.

**45 MINUTES FROM TOWN** ('midst beautiful country).—An ELEGANT AND PERFECTLY APPOINTED RESIDENCE: lounge hall, 5 reception, billiard, bath, 19 bed and dressing rooms.

BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS OF 175 ACRES.

Entrance lodge; several cottages; stabling; garage.

3 FARMSTEADS.

GOLF, HUNTING, AND POLO.

Mansion and park of 50 ACRES would be Sold separately if desired.—Plans, photos, and lowest terms of the Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

AN IDEAL HOME IN KENT.

**NEAR SEVENOAKS.**—Lounge hall, 3 reception, billiard, bath, 7 bedrooms; lodge entrance; stabling; farmery.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GROUNDS

and meadows of 12½ ACRES. Gas; main water; modern drainage. Bargain £3,200.—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

QUITE A SHOW PLACE, NOTED FOR THE EXCEPTIONAL BEAUTY OF ITS PLEASURE GROUNDS.

ON A SPUR OF THE COTSWOLDS.

ADJOINING A FAMOUS GOLF COURSE.

**THE BEAUTIFUL HALF-TIMBERED RESIDENCE,** above depicted, contains: lofty lounge hall, 4 magnificent reception, billiard, bath, 17 bed and dressing rooms.

MAIN WATER. GAS. MODERN DRAINAGE.

Picturesque entrance lodge, 9 cottages; SUPERIOR SECONDARY RESIDENCE, small farmery. NOTORIOUSLY BEAUTIFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS AND PARKLANDS OF 36 ACRES. Bargain £9,000 or offer.—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

TIMES PRICE BARGAIN.

**NEW FOREST** (station 1 mile; glorious situation).—Charming old MANOR HOUSE: 4 reception, 12 bedrooms, beautiful old-world gardens, and meadows of

10 ACRES.

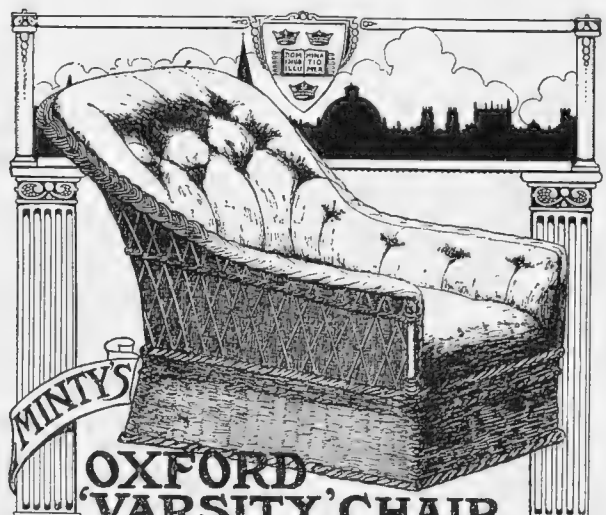
Cottage; excellent stabling; gas laid on. Price 2,000 guineas.—Agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

THE DAILY GRAPHIC

Is the only Daily Newspaper giving

£1,000 *INSURANCE.*

OFFICE: TALLIS HOUSE, TALLIS ST., WHITEFRIARS, E.C.




Prices according to length of seat:

| 23-inch. | 27-inch. | 30-inch. | 33-inch. | 36-inch. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 23/- | 27/- | 30/- | 33/- | 36/- |

Packed free. Send for patterns of coverings.

*Sole Maker:*

MINTY, 45, High St., Oxford.

# Silent Electric Clocks.

NEVER REQUIRE WINDING.

SHOW THE SAME TIME EVERYWHERE.

ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE.

**Extract from Recent Letter.**

"I am sure you will be pleased to hear that the Clocks you installed for me are a perfect success."

*For Illustrated Booklet and Particulars, apply to—*

## Silent Electric Clock Co.,

192, GOSWELL ROAD, E.C.

Telegrams:—"Silectocks, London." Telephone—"2820 City."

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For DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS.

We do not cater for the unthinking smoker, but for the smoker of cultured and discerning taste, for whom there is no other cigarette in the world to equal STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES.

**No. 555: 4/9 per 100 1/3 per 25**

OF ALL TOBACCONISTS AND STORES.

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Sales by Auction every Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

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**38, KING ST., COVENT GARDEN, W.C.**

ESTABLISHED 1760.

FAMED FOR 40 YEARS.

# HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA

Over 30 years ago the late Lord Beaconsfield testified to the benefits he received from HIMROD'S CURE, and every post brings us similar letters to-day.

British Depot—46, Holborn Viaduct, London. Also of Newbery & Sons; Barclay & Sons; J. Sanger & Son; W. Edwards & Son; May, Roberts & Co.; Butler & Crispe; John Thompson, Liverpool; and all Wholesale Houses

A Free Sample and detailed Testimonials free by post. Sold in tins, 4s. 3d.

**NEWTON, CHAMBERS & CO., LIMITED.**

**THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS, near SHEFFIELD.**

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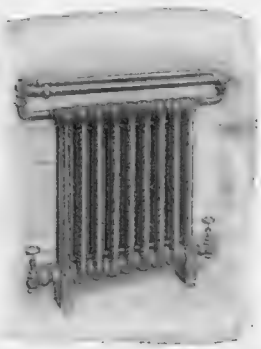

**Patent Brass Towel Rail and Cast-Iron Radiator for Bathrooms, Lavatories, &c., &c.**

**CAN BE FIXED TO ANY HOT-WATER APPARATUS**

The width of the Radiator proper is 4 3/8in., but over the Towel Rail it is 8 3/4in., and the Towel Rail adds 11 5-8in. to the length for each size. The Towel Rail can be supplied Nickel plated, and the Radiator can be made Rustless.

Made in 9 to 18 sections, the 9 sections measure 1ft. 11 3-8in. over the Radiator proper, and each extra section adds 2 9-16in.

# AVON TYRES

JOHN BULL.—"Well, Father Avon, I've quite enjoyed reviewing your staff. It's a great pleasure to me to see the English faces in the ranks, many of them bronzed with foreign service, I should say."

FATHER AVON.—"Yes, John, I'm a believer in helping men who stood by Old England in the hour of need, and that's why I always give preference to soldiers and sailors when I am engaging new hands."

JOHN BULL.—"That's the right chord to strike, Father—British work by British hands who have fought for their country. You find them good men too, don't you?"

FATHER AVON.—"The very best amongst the best—reliable, smart, and in every respect desirable. Your modern military training, with such men as our friend here to superintend things, improves a man for business in my opinion."

JOHN BULL.—"I'm sure it does, and it's one of my chief regrets that more employers don't share your patriotic views, and find employment for discharged soldiers and sailors."

FATHER AVON.—"If they did they'd find things move much easier at their works, and receive far fewer complaints from their customers."

SOME AVON EMPLOYEES—ALL EX-SERVICE MEN.

**LONDON:** 35, Long Acre, W.C. 'Phone: 1260 Gerrard.
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Works: **MELKSHAM, Wilts.** Telegrams: "Rubber, Melksham."

# Good News for Skin Sufferers

EVERY skin sufferer wants to gain immediate relief and secure a rapid cure. The only way is to use Axtexema. Anything else will only disappoint you and leave your trouble as bad or worse than it was before. The first cooling, soothing touch of that delightful creamy liquid, Antexema, will instantly stop all itching and start your cure. Antexema is as good for babies as for adults, and as efficacious in the most severe skin complaints as in slight, everyday ailments. The most severe and obstinate cases of eczema and other serious skin diseases yield to its wonderful healing influence, but it is just as useful for chafed, red, or rough skin and other everyday skin ailments. Prove its virtues by accepting our Free Trial invitation, which will be found at foot.

Of all skin complaints eczema is the most common. This terrible skin complaint takes various forms, the principal being dry eczema, weeping eczema, and scaly eczema, but each variety is curable by Antexema. The torture inflicted by eczema is almost incredible, sufferers telling us that previous to using Antexema they had been unable to sleep properly for months, as the maddening itching was so intolerable. Hence their gratitude for the instant and delightful relief given by Antexema, soon followed by cure, even in cases that were apparently hopeless. It frequently happens that eczema sufferers who have suffered from severe eczema for years despair of cure, and refuse to believe even that relief is possible. All such are confidently recommended to try Antexema, as it cannot fail to cure them as it has already cured hundreds of thousands of other former sufferers. Try Antexema; it will convince you.

*E. W., of Chipping Norton, writes: "I am writing to thank you for the cure of my husband's arm by Antexema. It was a bad case, but Antexema cured it."*

### Every Skin Trouble

is cured by Antexema. Rashes that disfigure the skin and cause incessant and intolerable itching disappear when Antexema is used, and immunity from discomfort is secured while the healing process is going on. Pimples, blotches, blackheads, and angry, red-looking spots on the face are all rapidly cleared away by Antexema, and the sufferer is no longer disfigured and humiliated, and his prospects of advancement in life hindered by the bad appearance of his skin. If yours is a skin trouble, Antexema will cure it. Whether it is a bad leg, scalp trouble, or any sore, irritated, or diseased condition of the skin of any part of the body, Antexema may be used with perfect confidence of a thorough and permanent cure. It is just as safe for children as for adults.

Please remember the important fact that Antexema is not an ointment. It is a nuisance to apply greasy ointment to the skin. It looks unsightly, it soils the garments, and necessitates the wearing of bandages in many cases, and after all it fails to cure the trouble. Antexema is not an ointment, but a creamy liquid which dries on the skin as soon as it is applied, and forms an invisible, artificial, airtight covering to the bad place. As it possesses valuable antiseptic properties, it kills those disease germs which cause lock-jaw and blood-poisoning, and then its healing virtues get to work, with the result that all discomfort stops, your skin trouble ceases to make progress, new skin begins to grow, and soon every vestige of the former trouble disappears.

Antexema, it should be noted, is

### A Doctor's Remedy,

being the discovery of a well-known London physician, who devoted his time and talents to the investigation of the cause and cure of skin illness. At one time many skin illnesses were incurable, so that if you were attacked you had to bear your trouble with such alleviation as you could obtain, but no hope of being freed from it. Since Antexema was discovered a sure and certain remedy has been available for all troubled by any of the numerous skin diseases. Everyone of these is amenable to the Antexema treatment, and in every part of the world you can find witnesses to the wonder-working powers of Antexema.

Do your duty to your skin. Go to your chemist or stores and get Antexema. Boots Cash Chemists, Army and Navy, Civil Service Stores, Whiteley's, Selfridges, Harrods', Parkes', Taylor's Drug Stores, and Lewis and Burrows supply Antexema at 1*s.* 1½*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*, or direct, post free in plain wrapper, for 1*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.* Also everywhere in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, every British Dominion, and throughout Europe.

## ACCEPT THIS OFFER OF FREE TRIAL OF COMPLETE ANTEXEMA TREATMENT

The best possible evidence of the curative value of the complete Antexema Treatment is to put the matter to a practical test. That is why the offer of a Free Trial is made, and every skin sufferer is invited to prove that the Antexema Treatment is the one successful treatment for every skin illness. To all who write mentioning THE BYSTANDER and enclosing three penny stamps for booklet, "Skin Troubles," there will also be sent a Free Trial of the complete Antexema Treatment, consisting of Antexema; Antexema Soap, a great aid to skin health; and Antexema Granules, which purify the blood. Send to-day to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.

# Fashion's Fancies.

By MRS. JACK MAY

## ORIGINAL IDEAS IN AUTUMN MILLINERY

IN millinery black velvet seems more in vogue than ever, and I had opportunity of perceiving this at Messrs. D. H. Evans, the great Oxford Street house. In the case of one of their new wide-fronted styles, a model, by the way, illustrated, the brim takes the most seductive curves and waves, always with a little upward curl of the brim, three magnificent sulphur-coloured ostrich feathers constituting the sole trimming. On another black velvet shape there occurred a band of that weird white coarse wool. Picture-hats of the more ordinary round shape look well trimmed with tailless ermine, and a single black plume at the side. But at Messrs. D. H. Evans the black velvet *chapeau* will be found in its every aspect, together with every other approved vogue.

One of the many quaint, close-fitting shapes, with high crown and practically no brim to speak of, is depicted in the second model. The colouring, too, is exceptionally charming, of old pink velvet, the conical crown showing a series of gathers, and practically concealed to half its depth by an ostrich feather-mount in raven's wing-blue, a plume uprising at one side of the back. More or less Empire in character, this, but fitted to the right face it could not fail to prove an attractive success.

CONFECTIONS BOTH WITH AND WITHOUT THE BRIM

In the new wide-fronted style the brim takes the most seductive curves. Three sulphur-coloured feathers constitute the sole trimming. The second model is one of the many quaint, close-fitting shapes, with high crown and no brim to speak of

(Sketched at Messrs. D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, by Dorothy Millar)

In quite a different vein, but sharing fully appreciative recognition, is the useful *velours* hat. Pursuing the same exhaustive lines, Messrs. D. H. Evans stand second to none in their supply, and the quality they offer is unrivalled. The sizes most generally sought are medium, large, and extra large, the respective prices standing at 10*s.* 11*d.*, 13*s.* 11*d.*, and 15*s.* 11*d.* And if it happens—a remote contingency, by the way—that the colour desired is not in stock, a shape can be specially dyed at short notice. In fact, in the entire management of these *velour* hats, this firm yield the palm to none. They predict, too, a big following for some delightful little reversible felt models. These can be turned inside out and manipulated into almost any style, the brim, as will be gathered, being always in some contrast. And the choice of colouring here, again, is legion.

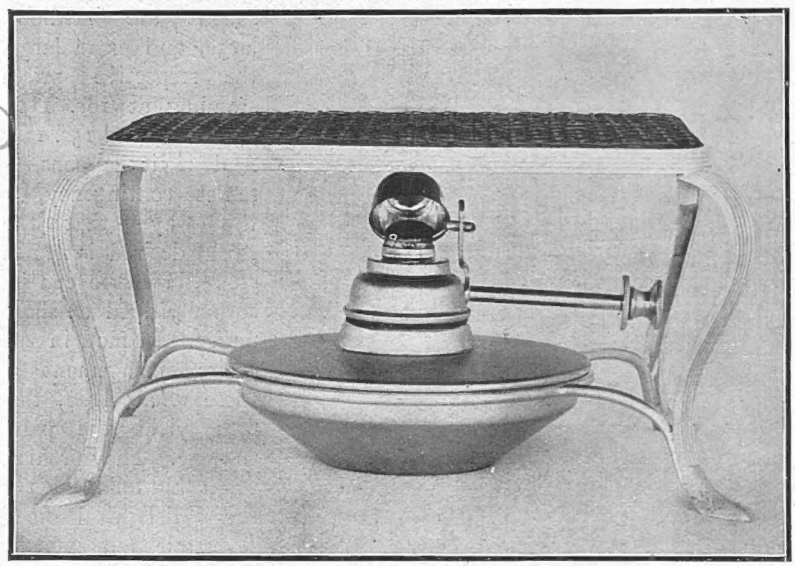
Most people have, during the summer months, made the acquaintance of Jay's lightweight straw hats, and pronounced them excellent. Now, with the autumn, a like confection is offered in flexolite, a sort of stitched felt, incredibly light, and fashioned in accordance with the latest decrees governing smart country headgear. In fact, it is a pretty safe conclusion these flexolite hats will

speedily usurp the place of the somewhat prohibitive country models hitherto held sacred in exclusive quarters.

### The Care of Elaborate Gowns

Standing a century old, Messrs. Campbell, of Perth, have brought dry cleaning to the level of a fine art, while their dyeing is on a like level of excellence. They undertake to dry-clean the most elaborate gowns without undoing a stitch, and also without injury to a sensitive colour.

With the advent of winter, a reminder may not come amiss that in these days of fleeting fashion it is far wiser and more economical to turn any summer possessions that are possible to winter account by having them dyed a suitable shade. The prevalent white serge and cloth costume, for example, can, with all impunity, be sent to Perth, there to be metamorphosed into the always useful navy and grey, or one of the strong mauves the edict has gone forth from high quarters we shall wear this winter.



A NEW AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE

**This toast-maker, produced by Messrs. Harrods', is the most ingenious breakfast-table necessity since the advent of the egg-boiler. It is superfluous to point out how much more agreeable toast is when it can be eaten crisp and warm**

By a very special process, Messrs. Campbell are able to dye silks and satins in such a way that these fabrics are preserved instead of being impoverished, while another ingenious effort raises the pile of velvet and velveteen. A big speciality, also, is the re-dyeing of rusty black.

### For the Mere Man

Among the first to advocate the cleaning and dyeing of men's apparel, Messrs. Campbell are household words in this connection, and, of recent years, they have added shower-proofing for overcoats and sporting suits to their curriculum. In all that pertains to household-cleaning the last word is said, their calendering of chintz and blinds having an enviable reputation. Down quilts, again, are purified and recovered, if necessary, to perfection, and loose chair and sofa covers cleaned without unseaming. The one and only thing unrecognised by Messrs. Campbell is bad work. None, however, will grumble at the charges made by this firm, all of which can be learnt from their catalogue.

### Silver's Infinite Variety

Within a comparatively recent date Harrods', of Brompton Road, have very considerably enlarged their silver and electro-plate department. There is no mistaking the intention in this regard. Harrods' silver supply is to come second to none.

Briefly, Harrods' not only propose to cover the whole ground from little silver knick-knacks at a few shillings to specially devised presentation plate and trophies, but they are prepared in every single and individual instance that is possible to provide every conceivable size and phase. The stock they will hold will be colossal, and, for the most part, of the highest class. They are already in exclusive control of several designs for toilet accessories, laying, in this connection, a significant emphasis on engine-turned effects.

### Matching Silver with Furniture

In the case of canteen cabinets, a capital case in point, the firm have struck a long-felt and most original note. Taking styles and periods, a canteen cabinet can be procured at Harrods to go with any furniture — Chippendale, Georgian, Queen Anne, etc.—and so provide an extra ornamental addition to a dining-room, instead of being banished as of yore to the butler's pantry. Sometimes these cabinets are mounted on tables, but there is choice for all tastes and purses.

Similarly with the contents. Only the very best electro is advised, Harrods' controlling a certain superior quality electro on hard white metal that will stand the longest tests. The prices of this will vary according to the design, a simple pattern naturally coming out cheaper than rat-tail or Queen's pattern, but the actual quality of the electro will in every case be impeccable.

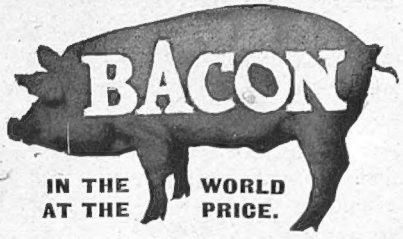
Of this particular electro is a little novelty all the world will be talking about shortly. Certain of the medical fraternity who have been let into the secret are high in its praise. The toast-maker is the most ingenious little breakfast-table accessory we have been asked to consider since the advent of the egg-boiler.

### Tea and Toast

It comprises a square-shaped stand over a lamp, fitted with duplex action. Directly upon this comes a steel smoke-plate, which in its turn is covered with a steel grid. And upon the latter a square of bread is laid.

Allowing, perhaps, three minutes to heat the plate thoroughly, one and a half to two minutes suffices to toast each side of the bread an even light brown. It is superfluous to point out how far more digestible and pleasant is toast eaten quickly and warm rather than in the cold, sodden, heavy condition we are usually compelled to put up with. The toast-maker, we may be sure, will prove itself invaluable in the cause of the small wedding, Christmas, and birthday gift, and will help immeasurably to solve the trouble as to what to give one's menkind.

THE BEST

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# The Menu: SOME ENTRÉES OF VEAL AND CHICKEN

### Braised or Stewed Veal

Trim neatly a nice piece of fillet of veal, and put it into a deep casserole dish with some slices of bacon, some carrots and onions cut into slices, with a bunch of sweet herbs, pepper, salt, and spice to taste; lay the veal in the middle, and moisten it with about a pint of stock. Let the meat stew gently for three or four hours in the oven, basting the top occasionally. Then strain off the gravy, put it into a small saucepan, thicken it with butter smoothly mixed with a small quantity of flour, add a little white wine, and when it has boiled up, pour over the veal and send to table in the casserole.

### Rolled Veal with Macaroni or Spaghetti

Remove any bone from 2lb. or 3lb. of veal cutlet, place it on a board and press flat. Take 2oz. of chopped bacon, 3oz. of breadcrumbs, a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, with mixed sweet herbs, pepper, and salt. Blend all together, and bind with a well-beaten egg, then spread over the veal, roll it, bind firmly with tape, if necessary sewing the edge down. Put 2oz. of butter in a saucepan, put in the veal, rubbed over thickly with flour, and when it is browned all round add a teacupful of water, and stew slowly for two hours. Boil 4oz. of macaroni or spaghetti, drain dry, and then stew for twenty minutes in a thick gravy. If this dish is to be used for an entrée, cut the veal in slices of half an inch thick, put it into a silver entrée dish, and make a border round it of the macaroni or spaghetti. The gravy should be seasoned and served in a tureen.

### Blanquettes of Chicken or Veal

Melt 2oz. of butter in a stewpan, stir in one tablespoonful of flour, but do not let it brown, add half a pint of hot white stock or milk, by degrees, stirring well all the time. When it boils, put in the veal or chicken, the former cut into rounds not larger than a crown-piece, season, add a little chopped parsley and a strip of lemon-peel, and let it stew gently for an hour. Dish the meat in the centre of a small hot dish, beat up an egg with a little lemon-juice and cream, and add a spoonful of the gravy, then stir it into the rest of the gravy, stir over the fire, but do not let it boil, or it will curdle, and pour over the veal. Garnish with a border of sliced tomatoes or a purée of spinach. This recipe is intended for veal or chicken that has been cooked, and makes a delicious réchauffé.

### Grenadines of Veal (Paper-Bag Cookery)

Cut into even slices about 2lb. of fillet of veal, trim them neatly, and season with salt and pepper. Butter thickly the inside of a paper-bag, and put in a layer of sliced carrots, a small bouquet of herbs, a small sliced onion, and a few trimmings of streaky bacon. Upon this place the grenadines, and cover each with thin slices of bacon. Moisten with a little good stock, about a tablespoonful, then fold in the end of the bag, fasten it securely with the clips sold for the purpose, place it on a grid shelf in a hot oven, and cook from twenty-five to thirty minutes. To serve, slit the bag, take out the fillets, place them on a hot dish, strain over some gravy, and send to table.

### Stewed Chicken with Olives

Cut a plump chicken into joints, fry them in olive oil or butter in a sauté-pan. Pour off the oil, and add a minced shallot; let this cook a little, then moisten with some brown stock and well-seasoned sauce. Cover the pan, and stew for thirty-five minutes. About fifteen minutes before serving add twenty stuffed olives, and dish up on a croûton of fried bread. Pour the sauce round and serve.

EMILIA

# The Editor's Box

### A Word in Time

We are requested by certain advertisers to impress upon readers who may be writing for catalogues of firms advertising in this journal to take the precaution to add their names and addresses together with stamps in order to facilitate delivery. The maker of the Dryad Cane Furniture is particularly anxious that those readers who have written for his catalogue should see this notice and communicate with him.

### A Real Theatre of Variety

There are few Variety Theatres giving their patrons such lavish fare as The Palladium. At present the programme is more than usually attractive, embracing stars of such magnitude as George Mozart, Fred Karno's "Mumming Birds, and Ines Collini, the Italian Nightingale.

### "Nobody's Daughter"

Following hard upon the footsteps of *The Bad Girl of the Family*, with Miss Violet Engelfield in the name-part, last week *Nobody's Daughter*, which enjoyed such a success at Wyndham's, is at the Broadway Theatre, New Cross, this week.

### King's, Hammersmith

Last week Mr. George Dance's principal company gave an admirable rendering of *A Waltz Dream* at this handsome theatre. This week the attraction is Eric Mayne and Co. in that ever-popular drama, *East Lynne*.

### Consumption and Breathing

Among the many fallacies one meets with in everyday life is the belief that consumptive people breathe with greater difficulty than the ordinary healthy person. The great originator of the treatment by organic fluid, Professor Brown-Sequard, exploded this misconception years ago. Nothing is more instructive than his correspondence with his immediate and only true follower, Dr. Goizet, of Paris, in which we may trace, tenet by tenet, the building-up of the theory upon which he established his treatment of the white plague. There he points out to his pupil the extraordinary activity of the respiratory process in tuberculous subjects.

### Respiratory Combustion

With ninety-two out of a hundred cases respiratory combustion is more active than with healthy subjects, consequently the pulse is more frequent and the temperature higher. Thus the error which causes people to compare tuberculous lungs to a smoky fireplace with a smouldering heap of coal, whilst it ought more properly to be likened to one where the fuel blazes away only too rapidly, must be eradicated from the public mind if a right understanding of Professor Brown-Sequard's opotherapic treatment is to be arrived at. Pasteur's discoveries gave the first hint which was to lead in the right direction.

### A Risky Experiment

The nervous balance and vigour of the healthy young was another element which guided Brown-Sequard's research. Soon he tried upon himself, at great risk, a fluid obtained from the organs of a freshly killed rabbit. He at once felt, after the very first subcutaneous injection, the regulating and invigorating power the fluid exerted on his nerves weakened by age—he was then seventy two. In the form in which this rejuvenating fluid was then obtainable it would have been unwise even to try to popularise it. But after the death of his great master, Dr. Goizet continued to improve upon the preparation of the Sequarine fluid, until he obtained it in such a form as to allow of its being injected under the skin without the slightest danger or pain. It is now produced in its actual state of perfection under his special supervision at the world-renowned Richter Laboratories of Kreuzlingen, Switzerland.